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## To Readers and Correspondents.

"C. E. C." is common with many others, suggests that the price of the book reviewed should be given. Our readers appear not to be aware that this would subject us to advertisement duty. They must, therefore, refer for the prices to the regular advertisement columns.

"A LAY SUBSCRIBER."—As nothing is more to be dreaded by a Literary Journal than a theological controversy, we are compelled to decline the letter of our correspondent.

"A PRESBYTERIAN CLERICAL SUBSCRIBER."—The article alluded to was written by an Evangelical Clergyman of the Church of England, a writer for the Religious Tract Society, and therefore was at least not intended to have the meaning put upon it by our correspondent, and certainly such are not the views recognised by THE CRITIC.

THE CRITIC:  
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

## A SUGGESTION.

SEVERAL correspondents have addressed to us inquiries whether there exists any establishment of respectability and responsibility through which the business of literature, art, and science may be conducted, as is already the manner with those that aid other occupations requiring some medium to effect arrangements between employer and employed, and persons resident at a distance from the metropolis, and ignorant of its ways. The subject has been more immediately suggested by a case that occurred some four or five weeks since in one of our law courts, in which an action for services was brought against the proprietor of a country newspaper by an editor he had employed in consequence of an advertisement, but who proved to be so incompetent that he was not even able to spell correctly.

The difficulty in this case had clearly arisen from the absence of some such medium for inter-

communication as our correspondents desire, and, at their request, we have given the matter a careful consideration, and taken some pains to devise a method for supplying that which is obviously much required.

The essential conditions are responsibility, respectability, and extensive connexions. These desiderata can be best supplied by the establishment of a largely circulated public journal. We have submitted our plan to Mr. CROCKFORD, the publisher of THE CRITIC, and he has readily given his assent to it, and promised his zealous aid in its accomplishment.

That plan is to form a complete system of Agency for Literature and Art, by opening a Register, in which Proprietors of Periodicals wanting Editors or Assistants may enter their requirements; and, in like manner, Authors and Writers, seeking employment, their names and qualifications; and, to prevent troublesome correspondence, proofs of those qualifications must be supplied at the time, so that satisfactory answers may be at once given to inquiries.

As the trouble will not be greater, this system of registration will embrace every kind of employment connected with Literature, Art, and Science, as booksellers, publishers, public lecturers, and the sale of scientific apparatus, manuscripts, pictures, inventions, and other things of the same class, in which responsible negotiation is required between the employer and the employed—the buyer and the seller.

Another very useful duty will also be undertaken by the same machinery. It continually occurs that persons resident in the country, who are desirous of printing or publishing their compositions, are totally ignorant how to accomplish it, and sometimes are sadly imposed upon by advertisers and others, who take advantage of their ignorance. The proposed responsible system of Literary Agency will embrace this object, and negotiate for authors the correction of their MSS.; the disposal of them to suitable publishers, or the procuring of them to be properly printed and published, at fair charges.

Doubtless, as it proceeds, many other useful applications of the same design will present themselves, and we shall be obliged to any of our readers for suggestions of improvements in it.

Some expenses will be unavoidably incurred; one or two clerks must be employed, and there must be books and correspondence. But the offices and establishment of THE CRITIC will be freely placed at the service of the design, without any charge. To cover the necessary expenses, some small fee will be requisite on registration, say five shillings. For negotiations of any purchase, or attention to any agency matter, a small per centage will suffice to cover the labour and care demanded. No profit is sought, but expenses must, of course, be repaid.

It will be convenient to state, in the succinct form of an announcement, the plan that has been arranged, and of which advantage may be immediately taken.

## THE LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SCIENTIFIC REGISTER.

"Critic Office," 29, Essex Street, Strand.

Opened for the accommodation of AUTHORS, EDITORS, ARTISTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN, to supply to them a responsible and respectable medium of communication for the following purposes.

PROPRIETORS OF PERIODICALS wanting Editors and Writers.

EDITORS and WRITERS wanting employment.

N. B.—The entry must state the nature of the employment sought, and the species of composition in which the applicant is versed, and should be accompanied by printed specimens.

AUTHORS desirous of having their works published, may have them properly printed, at fair charges, or submitted to proper publishers and their sale negotiated.

ARTISTS having works of Art to dispose of may register them for sale.

COMPOSERS OF MUSIC may procure their compositions to be published.

SCIENTIFIC MEN, and INVENTORS and PATENTEES, may negotiate with security the sale of inventions or patents to the best advantage; LECTURERS seeking employment by public institutions; Scientific apparatus for sale may also be registered;

As also may persons desirous of disposing of Libraries, Works of Art, and valuable objects connected with Literature, Art, or Science, or for any purpose in which the above classes are interested and desire to communicate.

The charge for registration will be five shillings, which must be sent, with the instructions, in postage stamps. Full particulars of the matter to be registered must accompany them.

N. B.—No charge will be made for searching the register, unless the application be by letter, requiring a reply, in which case a fee of one shilling in postage stamps must be enclosed.

The fees of Agency will vary according to the nature and amount of the transaction, but they will be very moderate.

All letters relating to the Literary, Artistic, and Scientific Register, to be addressed to "Mr. Crockford, 'Critic' Office, 29, Essex Street, Strand," with the word "Registry," in the corner.

## RAMBLES IN THE BY-WAYS OF LITERATURE.\*

## CHAPTER II.

(Continued from page 404.)

MANY celebrated men have been remarkable through their fondness for certain animals—an affection which in several instances has been carried to a ridiculous excess. Thus, ALEXANDER cherished Bucephalus; AUGUSTUS, a parrot; COMMODOUS, an ape; HELIOGABALUS, a starling, &c. &c.

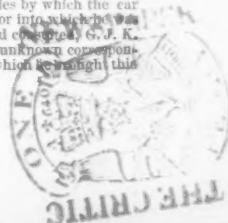
HONORIUS, Emperor of the West, cherished a profound tenderness for a hen—an attachment which we much fear was not repaid in kind. He was at Ravenna, having taken the precaution to place between himself and the Goths, the lagunes of the Adriatic, when, after the taking of Rome by ALARIC in 410, the slave, who had charge of the imperial hen-house, came to announce to him that the capital of Italy and of the West was lost. "How!" cried the Emperor in dismay, "Rome lost! why she was eating out of my hand only a moment ago!" It was towards his favourite hen, which was also named Rome, that all the thoughts and anxieties of the monarch tended; hence, great was his relief when he learned that it was not his fowl but the capital of his kingdom to which his slave had alluded. "Ah!" said he, drawing a deep breath, "I thought it had been my hen!" (Procopius—History of the War of the Goths.)

The celebrated French financier, SAMUEL BERNARD, who died in the year 1739, imagined that his existence was attached in some mysterious way to that of a certain black hen, which was in consequence always carefully attended to, and we may suppose, passed accordingly a very agreeable life of it. Strange as it may appear, they both died about the same time. But BERNARD had then attained the respectable age of eighty-eight years.

PASSERONI, an Italian poet, who died in 1802, loved, in the same way, a cock, of which he constantly speaks in his poems. ST. EVERMOND, as well as CREBILLON the elder, the French tragic poet—surnamed the French JESCHYLUS—were always surrounded with dogs and cats; JUSTUS LIPSIUS, on the contrary, limited his affection to dogs only, and these were chiefly centred in his dog Saphir, whom, among other accomplishments, he had taught to drink wine. In one of his books he says: "Saphir resembles man in two points, viz., he loves wine, and is subject to the gout." It is related of Dr. JOHNSON that he was accustomed to regale his favourite cat on oysters, which he invariably fetched for her himself from the fishmonger. What puss had "for a change" when oysters were out of season, we are not informed.

GODFREY MIND, a Bernese painter, who died in the year 1814, has been surnamed the Raphael of the cats because he excelled in painting these animals; for whom moreover he entertained a lively affection; he had always several round him. "During his hours of work," says M. DEFFING, a traveller, "his favourite cat was almost always by his side, and he used to keep up a sort of conversation with her; sometimes she occupied his knees, while two or three kittens would perch themselves on his shoulders; and he would remain in a fixed attitude for entire hours, without venturing to stir hand or foot, lest he should disturb the companions of his solitude."

\* G. J. K. has to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from A. D. D. pointing out an error into which he had fallen in Chapter I. of these papers (CRITIC: LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, August 15), wherein he denied the existence in man of certain facial muscles by which the ear is moved. While here correcting an error into which he was unwittingly led by the authorities he had consulted, G. J. K. takes the opportunity of thanking his unknown correspondent for the very courteous manner in which he brought this mistake to his notice.



It was not for one or two species only of the animal kingdom that DENNIS ROLL, a member of the British House of Commons in the eighteenth century, manifested his sympathies. His love and regard extended indiscriminately to all animals, and if we are to believe his account, this affection was duly recognised and returned by his dumb favourites.

"I have," he says, in a pamphlet which he wrote against the cruel practices of cock-fighting and bull-bating, "experienced the gratitude of a wild bear who, after an absence of a considerable period, would allow himself to be taken by me and led by the muzzle. I cannot even yet clearly explain to my own satisfaction the reason why even the wildest horses should become on the instant tame and gentle with me, without any exertions on my part; nor the docility of the most ferocious dogs, into whose jaws I could thrust my hands with impunity; nor that of venomous serpents who have never inspired me with the slightest dread. During entire years I have wandered in dense forests without having ever been attacked; I have slept in marshes filled with reptiles and poisonous insects, serpents have been my pillow, and yet I have never been either bitten or stung by them. I could speak of a crane who used to run everywhere behind me, and follow me like a dog into the fields; and of a strange dog who, every time I passed through Waltham, used to run out as if for my defence, and after faithfully attending on me through the whole of the village, would express, by his whinings, his sorrow at leaving me. I can remember, also, a little Florida cat, who once sprang furiously on some dogs that were barking round me, and from whom she feared an attack on my person. I can only explain these testimonies of attachment by supposing that it is in this manner Providence has been pleased to reward my kindness to animals."

"It is related," says AULUS GELLIUS, in his *Attic Nights*, "that DEMOSTHENES was remarkably particular as to the cut and fashion of his garments, and that he even carried the care of his person to extremes. Hence all those raileries of his rivals and adversaries upon his coxcombical mantle, his soft tunic, &c.; hence, also, the scandalous libels which charged him not only with effeminacy, but also with the commission of the basest turpitudes. The same thing is related also of HORTENSIVS, after CICERO, the greatest orator of his time. His beautifully made and carefully-arranged dress, his frequent gestures and studied theatrical action, drew down upon him a host of sarcasms and apostrophes, and not unfrequently caused him to be treated as a histrion in open court."

"OTHO," says SÆTONIUS, "was almost as particular in regard to his toilet as a woman; he would also carefully pluck out every hair from his body, and always wore upon his head, which was nearly bald, some false hair, fixed and arranged with such infinite art, as to defy discovery." He shaved his face with much care every day, and rubbed it over with sopped bread, a habit he had acquired in his youth, in order that he might not have a beard.

The celebrated chemist and natural philosopher, CA VENDISH, one of the greatest oddities, perhaps, in his way, that ever existed, and who left behind him, at his death, the enormous fortune of 1,200,000*l.*, had several strange habits.† Among others, he always wore grey cloth, and had a coat made at regular epochs. He had collected a magnificent library, which was open to all engaged in research. This library was in Dean-street, Soho, while he himself resided chiefly at Clapham, and thither he went for his own books, as one would go to a circulating-library, signing a formal receipt for such of the books as he took out with him. CA VENDISH was not much given to hospitality. A Fellow of the Royal Society has stated that, if any one dined with him, he invariably gave him a leg of mutton, and nothing else. Another Fellow states that CA VENDISH seldom had company at his house, but, on one occasion, three or four scientific men were to dine with him, and when his old housekeeper came to ask him what was to be got for dinner, he said—"A leg of mutton;" "Sir, that will not be enough for five"—"Then get two," was the reply!

\* From this fact we learn that wigs, perukes, &c., are by no means of modern invention.

† We are indebted for the greater portion of the facts contained in the following notice, to a review of a *Life of Cavendish* which appeared in a recent number of *The Literary Gazette*.

Among CA VENDISH'S peculiarities was his excessive dislike of women. On the authority of an old inhabitant of Clapham, it is stated that CA VENDISH would never see a female servant, and if an unfortunate maid ever showed herself she was instantly dismissed. He was in the habit of ordering his dinner daily by a note which he left on the hall table, whence the housekeeper was to take it, and such was his horror of the sex that, having one day met a maid servant on the stairs with a broom and a pail, he immediately ordered a back staircase to be built.

A French chemist, by name DESMARETS, who died in 1815, never, during the whole of his life, changed the form of his garments, and, to the end of his days, his wig and coat recalled almost the fashions in vogue at Paris under Cardinal FLEURY.

Many and remarkable have been the strange fancies and tastes of men relative to their food. About the end of the last century, some few individuals adopted the style of diet so much extolled by PYTHAGORAS. We may cite, among others, ISAAC RITSON, an English physician and author, who lived solely on vegetables, and in 1803, published an *Essay upon Abstinence from Aliments derived from the Animal Kingdom, considered as a Moral Duty of Man*. Another English author, WAKEFIELD, who died in 1801, abstained constantly from wine as well as animal food, as did also the American philanthropist, ANTHONY BENEZET, who died in 1784.

But if the tastes of these individuals excite our astonishment, what are we to think of that of the German enthusiast, HOYER, who flourished in the seventeenth century, and who would only eat fish which had died a natural death!

The celebrated modern sceptic, BENEDICT SPINOZA, was accustomed to expend from twopence halfpenny to threepence a day upon his nourishment. But he was beaten hollow by BUTTNER, a German naturalist and philologist of the eighteenth century: such was the zeal of this individual in the pursuit of his favourite studies, that, in order to buy books, he restricted himself to what was barely sufficient to sustain life—he only eat one meal a day, which cost him exactly three halfpence.

It is very generally known that the eminent French astronomer, LALANDE, either really possessed, or else affected, an excessive fondness for spiders and caterpillars, as articles of diet, and would eat them with apparent relish: he always carried a supply of these insects about with him in a *bombonnière*.

TIRAQUEAU, a French jurist and voluminous author, who flourished in the fourteenth century, was a strict water drinker; yet, despite this abstemiousness of his in regard to things fluid, he regularly every year produced a book and a child. Such a rich subject for an epigram could not possibly escape the wits of the day, and he was accordingly epigrammatized in the following lines:

Tiraqueau, fécond à produire,  
A mis au monde trente fils;  
Tiraqueau, fécond à bien dire,  
A fait pareil nombre d'écrits.  
S'il n'eût point noyé dans les eaux,  
Un semence si féconde,  
Il eût enfin rempli le monde  
De livres et de Tiraqueaux.

Which may be translated somewhat as follows:

M. Tiraqueau, prolific man of thought,  
Into this world full thirty sons has brought;  
Full thirty books, too, has our sage produced,  
Without his lettered ardour being reduced.  
Oh, had he not in limpid streamlets drowned  
The fertile seed of all these works profound,  
Ere long, be sure, that with a goodly band,  
Of books, and Tiraqueaux, he would have filled the land.

G. J. K.

(To be continued.)

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE DAY.

NOTES BY AN OBSERVER.

*International Copyright: Progress making towards an equitable adjustment—New treaty on foot with France—Liberality of the French Publishers, and its probable reward—Symptoms of improved feeling in the United States—Dickens' New Series contracted for by an American Publisher—Dickens and Thackeray—Memorials to great men—The Artist and the Author; disadvantageous position of the latter—Illustration from the case of Sir Robert Peel—"People's Monument to Sir Robert Peel"—Mr. Grave's proposal that it be a biography, and not a statue—Robert Chambers' new edition of "Burns," and remarks on patronage—Exaggerated estimate of its degradations—Decay of aristocratic patronage of letters in England—The*

*Artist and the Author again—English family history a comparative blank—Phillimore's "Life of Lord Lyttleton"—Mr. James Heywood and the English Universities—New translation, at his expense, of the Orford Statutes—The German "Privat-Docent," a system which might be introduced here—Public meeting of the London Printers for the formation of an Athenæum—Special utility in their case of such an Institution—New books forthcoming—Frederika Bremer—Mr. Weir's London Literary Society—Mr. Francis's History of the Railways—Mr. J. W. Kaye and his history of the War in Afghanistan.*

THE question of International Copyright is clearly rising in importance; and here and there are symptoms that, before long, it will be fairly and finally adjusted. Our French neighbours have in this matter behaved with an honourable liberality which is extremely creditable to them. No opposition, but quite the reverse, has been offered by the chief Paris publishers to a proposed treaty between France and England, on the basis of that already existing between England and Prussia; and it is even hinted that M. BAROCHE, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has been in London on purpose to hasten its negotiation. Time was, when the libraries of many wealthy English families at home could show nothing but a Paris Wordsworth, a Paris Scott, a Paris Byron, and a Paris Bulwer. This, for some years, has been put a stop to, and French editions of English works are liable to seizure in this country. But a further act of justice still remains to be done to British authors, namely, to take care that the large English population residing abroad be not supplied with domestic literature by continental pirates, and it seems that this act of justice will soon be accomplished, by the passing of a treaty of International Copyright between England and France. At first sight, it might look as if the French publishers had everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by such a treaty: inasmuch as the productions of contemporary French literature are rarely, if ever, reprinted here; while the reprinting of English books gives employment to a "good few" of the publishing firms in Paris. But our French friends will not, in the long run, find that they have lost by their present graceful generosity. At the rate at which a knowledge of French is being diffused in this country, and with the rapidly growing taste for new French literature, there is little doubt that it would very soon be worth some of our cheap publishers' while to reprint French books, unless an international treaty threw obstructions in their way. So that the French publishers may reckon on a prospective gain, at least! Nay, even the Americans appear to have been shamed into a consciousness of guilt by the recent decision which allows them copyright here, while they refuse it to us there. A respectable American citizen has been writing indignant letters to *The Morning Chronicle*, complaining of the conduct of his countrymen; protesting that JONATHAN only needs to have explained to him the meanness of the piracy-system, to consent to its abolition, &c. &c. And better still, it is announced by authority, that a New York publishing firm has just contracted to pay Mr. CHARLES DICKENS the sum of 4,000 dollars for the right to reprint his forthcoming new serial. 4,000 dollars, some 1,300*l.* or 1,400*l.* is not so bad where *nothing* was expected! The tidings of a new serial by DICKENS will be welcome in how many thousands of English homes? for, in spite of THACKERAY'S successes, DICKENS' popularity has not waned, and his cheery, genial, good-hearted way of looking at things, will long keep him the fireside favourite of the English.

When a great man dies, the artist has very much, at present, the advantage of the author. Take the case of Sir ROBERT PEELE. At his death, meetings were held in the chief towns of Britain, and large sums were subscribed to procure a lasting and adequate memorial of him, and this, in almost every case, was a statue. Artists were freely invited to compete, and, no doubt, the best sculptors carried off the commissions. Yet, valuable as is a public statue of a great man, can it be said to be the most lasting and adequate memorial of his achievements? Suppose there was a statue of Dr. JOHNSON in every street and square of every town in England, would that keep his memory alive with anything like the vitality which has been bestowed upon it by BOSWELL'S solitary *Life* of him? But from the biographical memorial, and its rewards, the author is, in most instances, cut off, and the whole harvest of fame and profit is reaped by the artist.



SIR ROBERT PEEL, for instance, left his papers and correspondence to two friends for publication, and until their "Life of Sir ROBERT PEEL" appears, publishers will be shy of such a publication. Does the reader ask, "Well! very true, Mr. GRAVE, but what are you driving at?" I will tell him. About this time last year there was closed a public subscription to a "People's Monument to Sir ROBERT PEEL." Considerably more than 1,000*l.* is understood to have been collected, but what is to be done with the money, or what the committee are about, nobody seems to know. Now I would propose that instead of another statue of PEEL in London (which, after all, would be a mere local memorial), the bulk of the sum should be converted into a prize for the best Life of Sir ROBERT, the work itself to be published at a cheap rate. The prize system, as applied to literature, is not unknown in this country; but it has never obtained the dimensions which it enjoys on the continent. It was a prize offered by the Academy of Dijon that first brought out JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU: the advantages of the plan, when applied to painting and sculpture, are universally recognised. And it seems now time that literature should derive marked benefit from it.

Apropos of literary men and their rights and wrongs, the old question of "patronage" is being mooted once again by Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS, in the new edition which he is now publishing, volume by volume, of the works of BURNS, to which, by the way, he adds a biography containing many new and very curious particulars of the poet. Mr. CHAMBERS, in his own quiet and moderate way, expresses a doubt whether there was not more good than is suspected in the old system of patronage, and whether it is safe to leave the literary man, as at present, entirely at the mercy of a tradesman, be he editor, be he publisher. As to the exaggerated laudations which the poet and man of letters bestowed of yore upon his patron, Mr. CHAMBERS sensibly observes that much in these cases depends upon the manners and usages of an age; perhaps the time may come, when our descendants will sneer at us as hypocrites for the use in our letters of the meaningless formula of "Your obedient servant." An interesting essay might be written on the decay in this country of aristocratic patronage of letters. Literature and literary talent stand higher than ever they did; the wealth and culture of the aristocracy have amazingly increased; and yet, the direct patronage of letters by the aristocracy has sunk to zero. A nobleman readily gives a commission to an artist to paint a picture on such and such a subject; why should he not commission an author to write a book upon such and such another? The absence of such commissions is the more strange, inasmuch as the family and public history of the aristocracy remains yet to be written. In the archives of our nobility and gentry, what masses of family documents must still survive, that with a little skilful editing would throw most interesting light on English history, and add a lustre to the proudest of aristocratic names? Almost the last enterprise of this kind was PHILLIMORE'S *Life of the literary Lord LYTTLETON*, undertaken a few years ago at the desire and expense of the present Lord.

Occasionally, however, a wealthy person goes to some expense to procure the literary manipulation of a pet subject. Thus, the English translation of Professor HUBER'S work on the English Universities, — which, strange to say, though by a foreigner, is the most complete and authentic account extant of the history and state of those important institutions, was executed at the expense of Mr. JAMES HEYWOOD, M.P., who has taken an active part in keeping before the public the question of University Reform, and to whom more than to any other one person, is to be ascribed the appointment of the recent commissions to inquire into the condition of Oxford and Cambridge. Another work, in this department, has just been completed at the expense of Mr. HEYWOOD: it is an English translation, in two volumes, of the Oxford University Statutes, from those of Archbishop LARD down to the year 1850. When hearing the sweeping complaints brought against the programme of instruction, given at Oxford and Cambridge (a programme of late much expanded and altered in both of them), I have often thought how simply a remedy might be introduced by the adoption of an institution long familiar to German universities — that of the "privat-docent" or private teacher. In Germany, a young man of more than ordinary gifts

and acquirements, or specially acquainted with some new or little-known branch of accomplishment, feels himself competent to play the part of a professor. But there may be no Professorial chair: what then does he do? Why, he makes application to the University authorities, undergoes a rigid examination, and, if successfully, receives a diploma authorizing him to deliver lectures and receive fees as a "privat-docent" or subordinate Professor. What liveliness and variety this must give to academic instruction, and how usefully it opens an arena to young talent and accomplishment, are things visible at a first glance.

That useful and intelligent body of men, the London printers, literature's hewers of wood and drawers of water, held a public meeting last Monday week, at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street, for the purpose of promoting the formation of an institution combining the advantages of a Club with those incidental to a Literary and Scientific Institution, the well-known publisher, Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT, in the chair. I remember about this time last year being present at a first *soirée* of a similar club just instituted by a very different class of operatives, the London — costermongers! Certainly if any body of workmen has more call than another to acquire literary culture, it is the professors of the art and mystery of printing. To other trades, literature may be a solace, a relaxation, or ornamental adjunct, but to the printer it is almost a necessity; it is to him what "industrial training" is to the ploughman and artisan. Without any such institution, it is surprising to see the number of printers who have worked their way up to literary and editorial eminence. And with institutions for literary training, considering the peculiar advantages which their calling puts into their hands, the number of such will no doubt be very much augmented.

There are not many announcements of interest in the literary world; but one or two may be worth a word in passing. FREDERIK BREMER, the clever and sentimental Swedish novelist, has sailed to her Scandinavian fatherland from the United States, where she has been spending the last year or two; and her reminiscences of America are to be translated from the original MS. into English by MARY HOWITT. Mr. WILLIAM WEIR, a literary veteran of ability and accomplishment, although, from his having been chiefly connected with the newspaper press, his name is little known to the general public, is about to publish, from the papers of one who mixed much with it, another view of English literary society in the days of SAMUEL JOHNSON. What with CROKER'S *Boswell*, Mr. JOHN FORSTER'S copious and minute *Life of Goldsmith*, and now Mr. WEIR'S new book, that chapter of literary history will have been exhausted; although, indeed, a good life of EDMUND BURKE is still a desideratum. Mr. JOHN FRANCIS, the well-known historian of the Bank of England, promises a "History of the English Railway, its Social Relations and Revelations," which, from such hands, cannot fail to be very instructive and amusing. And Mr. BENTLEY announces a new history of the War in Afghanistan, a subject which will not speedily lose its interest with Englishmen. It is to be from unpublished letters and diaries of soldiers and civilians; and that its literary worth will be considerable is vouched for by the name of its author, Mr. JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, one of the original conductors of *The Calcutta Review*, and at present one of the ablest and liveliest contributors to *The North British*.

FRANK GRAVE.

### HISTORY.

*The History of Mary Queen of Scots.* Vol. II. By F. A. MIGNET. London: Bentley. 1851.

M. MIGNET has amply justified his claim to the character he professed, of an impartial historian; and whilst his intelligence totally precludes him from one qualification, required by MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE, in this sort of writer, that of being "a plain ignorant fellow, the more likely to tell the truth," he certainly possesses the better characteristic, that of "irreproachable veracity." The long captivity of MARY in England — the intrigues and insurrections of the Catholic party — the despicable practices of WALSINGHAM to entrap her into the BABINGTON conspiracy, for which she was doomed to die — the cool plan of the Duke of NORFOLK and RIDOLFI, the Florentine Banker, submitted to the Spanish council, and gravely

deliberated upon by them, for the *properly carrying out* the assassination of ELIZABETH! — the murder of the Regent MURRAY by HAMILTON — the Queen of Scots' half-murder, half-execution, and the indignation of PHILIP of Spain thereat, which led to the invasion of England by the Invincible Armada — all these elements of a most thrilling narrative are detailed with sympathy yet with justice, so that in the fervour of sentences of high dramatic power, the severest critic cannot but allow the just adjudication of censure to the conduct of either Queen. As to ELIZABETH, M. MIGNET suggests three methods of conduct which lay open to her choice, in respect to her unfortunate rival, upon the latter's flight into England from the avengers of DARNLEY'S murder, in which, as we have seen, he admits MARY'S complicity. ELIZABETH might either have restored her to her crown, at the head of an English army, or granted her simple hospitality, or allowed her to retire to the continent; instead of these —

She did not even restore her to liberty, of which she never had any right to deprive her. Regardless of the rules of justice, the rights of hospitality, and the prerogatives of royalty, she had not scrupled to imprison a suppliant, and to bring a Queen to trial. She had shown no respect either to the trust of the fugitive, the claims of relationship, the affliction of the woman, or the honour of the Sovereign. Mary Stuart, in her turn, had now no reason to act considerately towards Elizabeth. She had been perfidiously arrested, remorselessly defamed, and iniquitously imprisoned. She might now try all means to regain her liberty; and these means she did not fail to exert.

With such an opinion before him, the reader might anticipate the most glowing picture of ELIZABETH'S barbarity, but M. MIGNET is preserved from exaggeration no less by the presence of the logical, than by the absence of the poetical, element in his constitution. He views this remarkable epoch as one in which, peculiarly, violence produced violence, and treachery, blood; it was a struggle by the head of an unpopular creed, for a crown, claimed upon the impudent and absurd arrogance which stigmatized the Popish Church. Her impugned legitimacy affronted the Queen of England, and the just powers of Parliament ignored by the dictum of a foreign Bishop, insulted the country; the weakness of MARY'S disposition and her treachery, did not render the bigoted partizanship of her party less dangerous, nor is it to be wondered at, by those who have in our days witnessed the exasperation of their countrymen at similar pretension, if the feelings of the nation hurried on the Protestant Queen to measures of undue severity, when fanaticism had hardly wiped from its hands the blood of many a noble martyr. In discussing, therefore, the history of the most remarkable victim of those times, M. MIGNET has done well, even when composing a book intended for Continental and not English readers, to keep before the mind, especially by aid of the newly investigated Spanish archives, the turbulence, doubt, and moral laxity which pervaded all classes of society at that period.

The narrative, by its continuous and judiciously arranged form, saves the reader an infinity of trouble, we only regret that the translator, Mr. SCOBLE, whose accuracy deserves praise in other respects, should not, in quoting English documents, have referred to the words of the documents themselves.

We could have wished to have given extracts of the assassination of the Regent MURRAY, the discussion of ELIZABETH'S removal by death or capture, before the Spanish council, and the details of BABINGTON'S plot, but our limits allow only the quotation of MARY'S judicial murder, with M. MIGNET'S reflections thereon.

Her condemnation had taken place three months before ELIZABETH could determine on her execution: after that time the warrant, signed, was sent to the Earls of KENT and SHREWSBURY, who proceeded on the 7th February, 1587, to Fotheringay Castle where MARY was confined.

About two o'clock, the two Earls desired to speak to her; she sent them word that she was indisposed, but that she would rise if the business they had to communicate was pressing. Learning from them in reply that the business would not admit of delay, she dressed herself, and seating herself before a small work-table which stood at the foot of her bed, she awaited their approach with the greatest calmness. Her women and the greater part of her servants were around her. The Grand Marshal of England, accompanied by the Earl of Kent, and followed by Beale, Paulet, and Drury, ad-

vanced uncovered, and, bowing respectfully to her, informed her that the sentence which had been signified to her by Lord Buckhurst two months and a half before, must now be put into execution, the Queen their mistress being compelled thereto by the solicitations of her subjects. Mary listened to him without exhibiting any emotion, and she afterwards heard the warrant read by Beale, containing the order for her death.

When he had finished reading, she made the sign of the cross. "God be praised," said she, "for the news you bring me. I could receive none better, for it announces to me the conclusion of my miseries, and the grace which God has granted me to die for the honour of His name and of His church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. I did not expect such a happy end, after the treatment I have suffered and the dangers to which I have been exposed for nineteen years in this country—I, born a queen, the daughter of a king, the granddaughter of Henry VII., the near relation of the Queen of England, Queen Dowager of France, and who, though a free princess, have been kept in prison without legitimate cause, though I am subject to nobody, and recognise no superior in this world, excepting God." Viewing herself as a victim to her religious faith, she experienced the pure joy of the martyr, partook of its sweet serenity, and maintained to the last its tranquil courage. She again disavowed the project of assassinating Elizabeth, and, placing her hand on the New Testament which lay on the small table before her, she solemnly declared, "I never either conceived or sought after the death of the Queen of England, and I never consented to it."

On hearing these words, the Earl of Kent told her, with fanatic rudeness, that the book on which she had sworn was the book of the Papists, and that her oath was worth no more than her book. "It is the book in which I believe," replied Mary; "do you suppose my oath would be more sincere if I took it on yours, in which I do not believe?" The Earl of Kent then advised her to renounce what he called her superstitions, and offered her the aid of the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, who would teach her the true faith, and prepare her for death. Mary energetically rejected this offer, as being repugnant to her religious belief, and she requested that they would restore her almoner, who had again been removed from her for several days past. The two Earls had the cruelty and the infamy to refuse this religious consolation to a Queen on the eve of her death. Neither would they grant her the short delay she asked in order to write out her will carefully, and to make her final arrangements. Then, in answer to her inquiry as to the hour when she was to die, "To-morrow, madam," said the Earl of Shrewsbury, "about eight o'clock in the morning."

After spending the night mostly in prayer and writing, she retired to rest, "and, during this last repose of her body, though her eyes were closed, it was evident, from the slight motion of her lips, and a sort of rapture spread over her countenance, that she was addressing herself to Him on whom alone her hopes now rested. At daybreak she arose, saying that she had only two hours to live."

On the fatal morning of the 8th,—

As soon as they had come down stairs, the Queen, followed by Andrew Melvil, who bore the train of her gown, ascended the scaffold with the same ease and the same dignity as if she were ascending a throne.

The scaffold was erected in the lower hall of Fotheringay. It was two feet and a half high and twelve feet square in extent; it was covered with black English frieze, as were also the chair on which she was to sit, the cushion on which she was to kneel, and the block on which she was to receive the fatal stroke. She seated herself on that dismal chair without changing colour, and without losing any of her accustomed grace and majesty. On her right hand were seated the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; on her left stood the sheriff; in front were the two executioners, dressed in black velvet; at a little distance, ranged along the wall, stood her servants; and in the remainder of the hall, behind a barrier which Paulet guarded with his soldiers, were about two hundred gentlemen and inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who had been admitted into the castle, the gates of which were closed. Robert Beale then read the sentence; to which Mary listened in silence, and with such complete abstraction, that she appeared not to be cognizant of what was passing. When Beale had finished reading, she made the sign of the cross, and said with a firm voice, "My Lords, I am a Queen born, a sovereign Princess, not subject to the laws, a near relation of the Queen of England, and her lawful heiress. After having been long and unjustly detained prisoner in this country, where I have endured much pain and evil, though nobody had any right over me, being now, through the strength and under the power of men, ready to forfeit my life, I thank God for permitting me to die for my religion, and in presence of a company who will bear witness, that just before my

death I protested, as I have always done both in private and in public, that I never contrived any means of putting the Queen to death, nor consented to anything against her person." She then proceeded to deny that she had ever borne towards her any feelings of hatred, and called to mind that she had offered, as the price of her liberty, such conditions as were best calculated to give confidence and to prevent disorders in England.

After pronouncing these words in self-justification, she commenced praying. Upon this, Dr. Fletcher, the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, whom the two Earls had brought with them, approached her, wishing to exhort her to prepare herself for death. "Madam," said he, "the Queen, my excellent Sovereign, has sent me to you —" Mary, interrupting him, replied, "Mr. Dean, I am firm to the ancient Roman Catholic religion, and I intend to shed my blood for it." As the Dean insisted, with indiscreet fanaticism, urging her to renounce her faith, to repent, to place her confidence in Jesus Christ alone, for He alone was able to save her, she repelled him with a resolute tone of voice, declared that she would not hear him, and ordered him to be silent. The Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent then said, "We desire to pray for your Grace, that God may enlighten your heart at your last hour, and that thus you may die in the true knowledge of God." "My Lords," returned Mary, "if you wish to pray for me, I thank you for it; but I cannot join in your prayers, because we are not of the same religion." The struggle between the two faiths, which had continued throughout her life, was prolonged even to the scaffold.

Dr. Fletcher then commenced reading the prayers suited to the occasion according to the Anglican ritual, while Mary recited in Latin the psalms of penitence and mercy, and fervently kissed her crucifix. "Madam," rudely said the Earl of Kent to her, "it is of little use for you to have that image of Christ in your hand if you have not got him engraved in your heart." "It is difficult," she answered, "to hold it in the hand without the heart being touched by it; and nothing suits the dying Christian better than the image of his Saviour."

When she had finished, on her knees, the three psalms, "Miserere mei, Deus," &c., "In Te, Domine, speravi," &c., "Qui habitat in adiutorio," she addressed herself to God in English, beseeching him to grant peace to the world, the true religion to England, constancy to all suffering persecution, and to impart to herself the help of His grace and the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit at this her last hour. She prayed for the Pope, for the Church, the Catholic Kings and Princes, for the King her son, for the Queen of England, and for her enemies; and, recommending herself to the Saviour of the world, she concluded with these words—"Like as Thy arms, Lord Jesus Christ, were stretched out upon the cross, even so receive me within the stretched out arms of Thy mercy." So fervid was her piety, so touching her effusion of feeling, so admirable her courage, that she drew tears from almost all who were present.

Her prayer ended, she arose. The terrible moment had arrived, and the executioner approached to assist her in removing a portion of her dress; but she motioned him away, saying, with a smile, that she had never had such valets de chambre. She then called Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all the time on their knees at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to undress herself with their assistance, remarking that she was not accustomed to do so before so many people. The afflicted girls performed this last sad office with tears. To prevent the utterance of their grief, she placed her finger on their lips, and reminded them that she had promised in their name that they would show more firmness. "Instead of weeping, rejoice," she said; "I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause." She then laid down her cloak and took off her veil, retaining only a petticoat of red taffety flowered with velvet; then seating herself on the chair, she gave her blessing to her weeping servants. The executioner having asked her pardon on his knees, she told him that she pardoned everybody. She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kennedy, and gave them her blessing, making the sign of the cross over them; and after Jean Kennedy had bandaged her eyes, she desired them to withdraw, which they did weeping.

At the same time she knelt down with great courage, and, still holding the crucifix in her hands, stretched out her neck to the executioner. She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of confidence, "My God, I have hoped in you; I commit myself to your hands!" She imagined that she would have been struck in the mode usual in France, in an upright posture, and with the sword. The two masters of the works, perceiving her mistake, informed her of it, and assisted her to lay her head on the block; which she did, without ceasing to pray. There was a universal feeling of compassion at the sight of this lamentable misfortune, this heroic courage, and this admirable sweetness. The executioner himself was moved, and aimed with an unsteady hand. The axe, instead of falling on the neck,

struck the back of the head and wounded her; yet she made no movement, nor uttered a complaint: it was only on repeating the blow that the executioner struck off her head; which he held up, saying, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" "Thus," added Dr. Fletcher, may all her enemies perish!" A solitary voice was heard after his, saying, "Amen;" it was that of the gloomy Earl of Kent.

A black cloth was thrown over her remains. The two Earls did not leave to the executioner, according to custom, the golden cross around her neck, the chaplets suspended to her girdle, nor the clothes she wore at her death, lest those dear and venerated spoils should be redeemed by her servants and transformed into relics. They therefore burned them. They also took great pains to prevent anything being kept that had been stained with blood, all traces of which they caused to be removed. Just as they were lifting the body to remove it into the state-room of the castle, in order to embalm it, they perceived Mary's little favourite dog, which had slipped in beneath her cloak, between the head and the neck of his dead mistress. He would not quit the bloody spot, and they were forced to remove him. The body of the Queen of Scots, after removing the entrails, which were secretly buried, was embalmed with but little respect, wrapped up in wax-cloth, enclosed in a leaden coffin, and left aside until Elizabeth should fix the place where it was to be laid.

On the above relation, so pathetically given, we conclude with M. MIGNET's reflections:—

The scaffold! Such was then the end of a life which, commencing in expatriation, was chequered by reverses, filled with errors, unfortunate almost throughout its course, and guilty at one period—but adorned by so many charms, rendered touching by so many sufferings, purified by so long an expiation, and terminated with so much dignity! Mary Stuart, a victim of the old feudalism and the new religious revolution of Scotland, carried with her to the grave the hopes of absolute power and of Catholicism. Her descendants, who succeeded to the throne of England sixteen years after her death, followed her in the dangerous course in which she had been preceded by so many of her ancestors. Her grandson, Charles I., was, like her, beheaded for attempting to establish absolute monarchy; and her great-grandson, James II., for endeavouring, like her, to restore Catholicism, lost his throne and was driven into exile. A foreign land witnessed the extinction of the royal line of Stuart—a family rendered one of the most tragic in the annals of history, by their inconsiderate spirit, their adventurous character, and the continued fatality of their career.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Emanuel Swedenborg: a Biography.* By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON. London. W. Newbery.

To be sneered at as a dreamer, or revered as a prophet, has hitherto been the lot of the remarkable man whose career Mr. WILKINSON, a professed disciple and an enthusiastic admirer, has attempted to chronicle for us. Visionary however as SWEDENBORG undoubtedly was, and revealer of divinest truths as his followers deem him, still beyond the reach either of sarcasm or credulity he presents us with merits broad and beautiful enough to excite our wonder and veneration. Nevertheless we doubt whether for many years he is likely to be judged as anything but the head of a religious sect. Nor will the strong prejudice against his theological opinions be the sole cause of that result. But SWEDENBORG is an author so enormously voluminous that few who are not willing to devote a lifetime to his books are disposed to read any of them at all. One of his chief works is in thirteen volumes, and another in six. Now though we were convinced that every page of both contained the sublime thoughts, the most fecund suggestions, and the most important revelations, we should shrink from their complete and regular perusal as from a very formidable labour. There is an amusing innocence in the way with which the followers of SWEDENBORG ask us to wade through half a hundred ponderous tomes in order to know whether the doctrines of their Master are worth our acceptance or not. If the teachers of a new faith wish it to be victorious in the world they should expound it with all possible brevity. The most dangerous heresy becomes perfectly harmless when you have to make the circumnavigation of a whole library to get at it. Unfortunately for SWEDENBORG also, the writers who have attempted to popularize his system have been as prolix as himself, and have planted a jungle of thorns and thistles round the vast and sometimes



arid wilderness of the good EMANUEL so as to render it doubly repulsive. It is not wonderful therefore, that though SWEDENBORG has been dead nearly eighty years, and though his adherents have displayed the utmost zeal and activity in the diffusion of his tenets, he should still loom a huge anomalous Caliban through the mists of theology. Perhaps, however, the very circumstances which have prevented the real lineaments of SWEDENBORG, the man and the philosopher, from being distinctly seen, have been favourable to his theological supremacy. His disciples having viewed as intentional injustice what was merely neglect, or mistake, or ignorance, have only been the more confirmed in their peculiar faith by the persecution which they imagined the memory of their founder to be suffering. As they themselves have not passed as a sect through any of those fiery trials which feed the fever of fanaticism, they have, by the resentment of a supposed wrong done to the pious, however eccentric, apostle of the New Church, stimulated themselves into an ardent pertinacity of missionary action which there is nothing in the nature of their creed to call forth; a creed which, however extravagant it may sound or seem, is eminently calm. Religious bodies, to assume a heroic attitude and to pursue a triumphant career, should have, if not a baptism in blood, at least a baptism in tears; in the absence of both, the Swedenborgians have tried to distil an inspiring essence for their soul from the weeds that grow on their prophet's grave.

If anything could make SWEDENBORG's a more familiar name and disengage it of its sectarian associations, it would be such a book as this of Mr. WILKINSON's, which is written with a geniality and breadth that we gladly commend. There is now and then a childish credulity, and not unfrequently an exaggeration of tone which mar the general effect; but they are amply atoned for by a pictorial power, a freshness of imagery, and a warmth of style which are too rare among biographers. The worst fault of the whole work is its obvious and slavish imitation of Mr. CARLYLE's manner and peculiarities. By his graphic boldness, his vigorous touch, his intensity of purpose, Mr. CARLYLE possesses in a singular, almost an unsurpassed, degree the art of reviving the past with all its stalwart movements and its glow of rosy and radiant health. But his daring divagations from the beaten path have too marked an individuality, and carry along with them too grand accompaniments of genius to make it wise for any one, even the most gifted, to tread in his footsteps. Of course Mr. WILKINSON, like every man of true talent, ever and anon breaks through the fetters of the bondage which he has imposed on himself. There are passages of simple beauty, of earnest eloquence, of energetic delineation which have no tinge or savour of aught but the author's unborrowed thoughts and fervid emotions. Such passages make us the more regret that Mr. WILKINSON, instead of following the bent of his own nature, should have copied, and caricatured by copying, what future ages will probably be more inclined to condemn as eccentricities than to admire as excellences. Besides, the style of Mr. CARLYLE, which is only a revival, with modifications, of that of the old chronicles, though admirably adapted to picture great revolutionary movements and fulminating historical exploits, is singularly out of place when employed to portray the career of SWEDENBORG, whose days flowed on with a serenity that was neither ruffled by disaster nor varied by events. The sublime epic painting of HOMER when transferred from the plains of Troy to the battles of the frogs and the mice, far from firing us with rapture, fills us with laughter. And the effect is almost equally ludicrous when OLIVER CROMWELL and EMANUEL SWEDENBORG march before us in the page of the biographer in the same grandiose fashion. Mr. WILKINSON's account of SWEDENBORG, of his scientific attainments and of his theological doctrines in the *Penny Cyclopædia* is written in much better taste. There the style, though not wanting in force or colour, is purer and more in harmony with the subject. Mr. WILKINSON has further injured a book which has so many merits to recommend it, by an occasional dash of EMERSON's artificial quaintness, a still more questionable model than CARLYLE's graphic pith. As no American author except, perhaps, WASHINGTON IRVING, has shown the ability to write decent English, and as the chief characteristic of most of the books that travel to us across the Atlantic is a sprawling rhetorical fluency, plentifully seasoned with slang, we know

no more infallible mode of learning to construct sentences with barbarous carelessness and heavy verbosity than endeavouring to adorn our pages with the gaudy but withered flowers of the New World. Even, however, if the Americans were the best of writers instead of being the very worst, imitation in literature must be as fatal to what is noble and natural as in everything else. Of course we cannot read the famous and foremost productions of all times without having our modes of expression, our whole being leavened thereby. But to select a few favorites and ape their every tone and gesture is to show our incompetency for all but the merest literary drudgery. We hope, therefore, that when Mr. WILKINSON again comes before us it will not be in the coat of many colours which he now has on, and especially that he will not wear in his hat, with a flaunting air, ribbands cut out of the star-spangled banner. Yet we suspect from the crawling superstition with which he prostrates himself at the feet of his idol SWEDENBORG, that he is never so happy as when surrendering his own individuality to the stronger will, the stronger thought, or even it may be to the courageous absurdities of another. There are authors who without compiling are themselves compilations; and this is unfortunately Mr. WILKINSON's case. GOETHE, to rebuke the affectation of originality, said that every writer, whether he knew it or not, was the product of the writers who had gone before him, was indeed a sort of eclectic result. Even admitting this, the independent attitude, the instinctive force, the valour to march alone, which still more than the creative faculty are characteristic of genius, would ever remain as the possession and the privilege of genius, distinguishing it from whatever counterfeited or resembled it. It is the absence of those qualities which we deplore in Mr. WILKINSON's volume.

Proceeding, from the manner of this book, to its substance, we are inclined very emphatically to question our author's estimate of SWEDENBORG. There is obvious here a want of critical acumen, of philosophical appreciation, which must strike the most careless reader; and this apart altogether from whatever faith Mr. WILKINSON may attach to SWEDENBORG's religious revelations. The visionary tendencies for which the founder of the New Church was so remarkable, are insisted on as proofs of transcendent intellectual powers, of prodigious preternatural discernment. If this doctrine is to be accepted, then the further we diverge from sanity the nearer must we be to the sublimest secrets of the Universe, and Bedlam becomes the true portal to the mysteries of the Infinite. In saying this, we do not wish to countenance, in the slightest degree, the silly calumny that SWEDENBORG was insane. But the alliance of strong passions, of weak will, of a susceptible and excitable character, to the hazy omnivorous glance of the visionary, is equivalent to insanity; an alliance, however, which did not exist in SWEDENBORG. Yet kindred as the visionary eye is to madness, even in the most exalted and gifted minds, how, but for the sake of a piquant paradox, can it be set forth as an index of superior talent? The more divinely dowered any man, the more he stands in sane, that is, perfectly healthy relations to the phenomena of existence, and their most natural proportions. The moment, however, SWEDENBORG loses himself entirely in the region of visions, that moment Mr. WILKINSON goes down on his knees in admiration. And he sneers at those who endeavour to acquire knowledge by laborious inquiry, instead of shortening the process by putting on a pair of many-coloured visionary spectacles. His plan for manufacturing a lunatic into an angel is simple and summary: unfortunately the lunatic looks exceedingly like a lunatic after all. As contrasted with the experimental, the intuitional has a deep and vast significance; but when the visionary is contrasted with the experimental, it has no meaning whatever. To save men from the despotic chains of Materialism, and the arrogance of material science, it is needful ever for the religious souls in the community to proclaim their intuitional discoveries, the responses of the Holy Spirit to their yearnings, their aspirations, and their prayers. And our hope of social regeneration is founded on the belief that this work of the Holy Spirit will illumine the Future, as it has hallowed the Past. But the more the intuitional aboundeth, the less doth the visionary abound. Indeed, the visionary hath nothing kindred or responsive to what is profound and pious in our nature. The excess of wonder, the inordinate appetite for the marvellous, an appetite creating its own food, an

appetite potent chiefly in the breasts of the imbecile and the ignorant—behold the whole stock in trade necessary to the most consummate dreamer of wildest visions. And yet on such a vapoury foundation would Mr. WILKINSON build the glory of SWEDENBORG, urging us to admire and to honour him, because he had the credulity of a child reading a fairy tale, or of the rudest peasant listening to a legend. We are not now aiming to depreciate either SWEDENBORG's great abilities, great acquirements, or great virtues; we admit them as fully as those who think that he had a special and supernatural mission from God. But we protest against the absurd notion that an extraordinary lust for the extravagant and the singular is to be accepted as a substitute for poetical phantasy, prophetic fervour, philosophical insight, and religious faith. SWEDENBORG had a large and encyclopædic intellect, patient in research, richly furnished, and well adapted to marshal a vast series of details under a general principle. Few men so eminent, however, could be so entirely dominated by pure intellect alone, if we except the visions which he so curiously interwove with his scientific pursuits and theological speculations. An American author has called him, with striking inaccuracy, SWEDENBORG the Mystic; but it would be far more correct to speak of him as SWEDENBORG the Rationalist; for, by bringing all things within the circle of his visionary gaze, he leaves no corner in creation for a mystery to take refuge in; and what can be more radical rationalism than this? Behold the charm of his theological system to those who in this and other countries have embraced it. By breaking down the barrier between the Seen and the Unseen, it assumes to unfold to them secrets which, for other sects, are hidden by the Gates of the Grave. What so seductive to human vanity? Yet what so opposed to religious feelings and religious reverence? Though the branches of Religion may rise till they mingle with the odours of Paradise, its roots must grow in the fertile soil of the lowliest humility. How quickly, however, must that soil become hard and unfruitful, if the curtain of the Invisible is drawn aside, and the dews of its night season no longer fall! Far from us be it to treat this subject polemically, or with one particle of sectarian spirit. Among the Dissenters there is no religious body that we could so honestly praise or so heartily sympathize with as the Swedenborgians, but not on religious grounds, at least if we were forming a high conception of the religious life. Moral purity, spiritual excellence, a certain breadth of view, a mild and tolerant demeanour, we cannot deny them. Severed, however, from two of the chiefest religious agencies, Mystery and Symbol, the believers in the New Jerusalem Church cannot be nurtured by the robust sap of religious vitality. They are content, like their master, to accept the visionary which is so easy, for the intuitional which is so arduous, around which yawn the fathomless abysses, above which stretch the viewless immensities of God. Like him, also, they are content with the passionless abstinence from wrong when the positive and heroic assertion of the right would be so much more effectual. When the dogmatic features of a religion lose every trace of the awful, the spirit of sacrifice, the valour of self-denial, the love which suffers cheerfully the worst of woes to lessen the sum of human agony may indeed exist, but they cannot have a religious sustenance. As a sect is always the exactest expression of its founder, we are not, in considering SWEDENBORG in connexion with his followers, doing either him or them the slightest injustice. Besides, both he and they are legitimately exposed to a more rigid scrutiny than other religionists, because they do not profess, like Christians in general, to be the interpreters of an old revelation, but the exponents of a new. They court the severest criticism by a pretension so ambitious. Now when we find that the most signal consequence of that new revelation is moral debility, an absence of the virtues that demand bravery and expose to peril, of that generous enthusiasm which stirs up and emboldens nations to struggle and die for a conviction, which sanctifies the most degenerate ages by martyr deeds, and which sends even in these days, which we call selfish and indifferent, the Missionary, with no other armour than holiness and faith, to preach amid countless dangers and obstacles the Gospel to the Heathen, we must pause ere we accept this as the Final and Complete Truth for Humanity—a truth transcending the grandest, divinest verities that have gone before it. Swedenborgianism is too much, too

purely, a spiritual luxury to be a moral power. It was not from excess of religious emotion, opulence of religious faculty, that SWEDENBORG devoted such voluminous writings to religious subjects. But religion afforded the best field of adventure for the phantoms that peopled his visionary mind. In that dim discoloured realm of ghosts in which his soul tabernacled he called every monster that he met by a religious name, in order to make it more marvellous still. But he did this with a coldness, a pedantry, a prosaic literalness, a mechanical method, a weakness of impulse, and a poverty of imagination, unexampled in a religious reformer. SWEDENBORG's life was one of much temporal prosperity, and this, joined to the frigidity of his temperament, saved him alike from the bitterness of sorrow and the pollution of sin. Hence he talks of sin and sorrow in a way in which the harshness is about equal to the ignorance. One of the strangest things in SWEDENBORG is his total unacquaintance with the very rudiments of human nature. If he had belonged to a different race from that of men he could not have made more childish mistakes regarding them. When he is tiring us with his long theological disquisitions, in which we must admit there is often a prodigious expenditure of Dialectical talent, we are tempted to say to him, "O, Brother, one breath of mercy for the guilt and anguish of thy fellows would be worth ten thousand pages of thy compact and resistless logic." To that mere commonplace goodness which has never wrestled with temptations, nor watered its growth from the dust of earth to the throne of God with the tears which it has shed over the affliction and wickedness of the community, we consider Swedenborgianism as a theological system to be exceedingly favourable. It introduces a serenity and peacefulness into the breast which enable the individual to ponder well the results of his conduct, and to shrink from iniquity less because it is defilement than because it is disorder. To credulous, visionary men of great natural equanimity, and disturbed in their meditations neither by the sufferings nor the corruptions of others, Swedenborgianism is peculiarly adapted. Earth may heave to and fro in deadliest conflict and commotion; but its tumults, its tortures, and its abominations, are all unheard and unheeded by them in that land of visions where they have set up their tent. What would become of the world, however, if this egoism of a self-satisfied and self-adoring quietude were universally regarded as the best mode of honouring our Maker, were the truest form of piety? Who would bear the burden, who would go forth to the Battle? Where would the Cross, the emblem of immortal Love, find soldiers?

## ARTICUS.

*The Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. III. London: Colburn and Co.

THIS third volume of the new, enlarged, and yet cheaper edition of Miss STRICKLAND's famous work, includes the lives of JANE SEYMOUR, ANNE OF CLEVELAND, KATHERINE HOWARD, and KATHERINE PARR, Queens of HENRY VIII., and of MARY, the first Queen Regnant of England and Ireland. If there be any educated persons who have not yet read this most interesting of our histories, we recommend them to do so, and sure we are, that all who have read will avail themselves of such an opportunity as now offers to possess themselves of a book which has given them so much pleasure. This edition is very handsomely printed in a clear, legible type—a portrait of each Queen is prefixed to the memoir, and it is to be completed in eight volumes.

*The Life and Times of Louis the Fourteenth.* By G. F. R. JAMES, Esq. A New Edition. In 2 vols. London: Bohn.

MR. BOHN has added to his standard library a republication of Mr. JAMES's history. All who have read his novels must be aware how profoundly Mr. JAMES has studied the times of which he treats in this work. Probably it was with a view to preparation for the machinery of his romances that he was induced to make extensive research into all the records of that memorable era, and having accumulated a vast quantity of materials almost unknown to English readers, he bethought him of making use of them in the form of a biography of a monarch whose magnificent court was the centre and the source of the fashion of the age. He thus produced a work which had more than the interest of a romance, and that work Mr. BOHN has now placed within reach of every class, by adding it to his wonderfully cheap library.

## MEDICINE.

*Physiology of the Uterus; Placenta, and Fetus, &c.* By B. RIDGE, M.D. London: Churchill.

*Glossology; or the additional means of Diagnosis of Disease, to be derived from indications and appearances of the Tongue.* By B. RIDGE, M.D. London: Churchill.

DR. RIDGE is evidently a *thinking* man. He is one of the few who interrogate *nature*, and in dealing with disease inquires into its causes. He is conscious that physiology is the only safe basis of medical science, and the two works above named are devoted to the investigation of the *physiology* of the subjects of which they treat. To the first he appends a practical chapter of instructions for the management of infancy, which we recommend to all parents, and which, for its good sense, should be published in a separate form. In the second, he minutely describes the anatomy of the tongue, its uses as an indicator of disease, and the diseases to which it is itself liable. It was read before the Senior Physical Society of Guy's Hospital, but it is so written that it can be fully understood by the non-medical reader, who might profit by the information it imparts.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Rambles through Rome: Descriptive of the Social, Political, and Ecclesiastical Condition of the City and its Inhabitants.* By the Chevalier de CHATELAIN. London: Hope & Co. 1851.

IN these days of easy and rapid locomotion, when persons talk of taking a run to Paris, or a trip to Rome, in the same tone in which our grandfathers spoke of a drive to the neighbouring market town; and when few persons have been long arrived at manhood without making at least one continental tour, books of travel, as might have been supposed, are greatly multiplied, forming a large component part of the literary deluge which threatens to drown the intellect of the nineteenth century. But, exactly in proportion as the number of travellers and travel-writers increase, so one would say the necessity for the labours of the latter diminishes, for what is the use of describing that which everybody goes to see for himself? One would say so, perhaps, on the first superficial glance at the question, but on reflection, one would discover oneself mistaken. As the pleasures of comparison are among the greatest belonging to the human mind, so is the comparison between the different impressions produced on our own mind and the minds of others by the same objects one of the greatest of this kind of pleasure. From the collation of a variety of honest opinions, the philosopher may hope to arrive at the truth, which, as far as the affairs of this world are concerned, is, generally speaking, relative rather than positive—that is, there is not, and never has been, and under the present dispensation of Providence, we could venture to assert, never will be, a positively good form of government, structure of society, or fashion of manners. These things are good, bad, or indifferent in relation to the genius of the people, the nature of the climate, and the advance of education and civilisation in the nation to which they belong. Until the human heart shall have attained perfection, all hope of political or social perfection is vain, as the last is the consequence and not the cause of the first. In this world all social arrangements must rather be skilful accommodations to the existing state of matters than positively good arrangements. The best abstractedly is not always the best practically. But the species of comparison to which we have alluded has a double interest. It is interesting, not only as affording an opportunity for comparing our own impressions with those of another—our own opinions with his opinions—but interesting inasmuch as those different impressions afford evidence of the difference of character in the writers. Thus, in Italy, one man beholds a terrestrial paradise—he sees but its blue seas, its blue skies, its marble palaces, its myrtle groves; to him it is the land of poetry and art, the land of RAPHAEL and MICHAEL ANGELO, the land of DANTE and TASSO; to another it is the country of the Ancient Romans—the land of REGULUS and BRUTUS, of those stern, high-souled heroes of a stern high-souled age, who hesitated not to sacrifice themselves or their friends to their own honour or their country's liberty—a liberty now utterly lost, a country now become a land of slaves, and cheats, and charlatans. To a third, Italy is the land of religion, and Rome a holy city, sanctified as the abode of the Father of the Faithful and the keeper of the

keys of Heaven; while, to a fourth, this fair land is the scene of the abominations of the papal Antichrist, and its capital the throne of her who sitteth on the seven hills, drunken with the blood of saints and martyrs.

In short, the varieties of aspect in which the same things may be seen are almost endless; a remarkable proof of which was afforded a few years ago by the writer of that original and striking book, *Eothen*, who, in a journey to the East, in those countries to which we may trace the birth of our modern civilization, and which have formed the theatre whereon were transacted the most astounding and important events in the world's history, saw chiefly an emancipation from the trammels of the "utter respectability," to which society is subjected in crowded, conventional England.

Each individual mind, as it idealises the objects with which it deals, imbues them with the hues of its own spirit, and on the vividness of this colouring depends the interest and originality of the picture. It is peculiarly the attribute of genius to give to the merest common fact a form and a colour which make it strike the mind with the freshness and power of a new truth.

It might seem at first sight that a writer of travels, unless he aspires to the philosophical, has nothing to do but to note down his adventures in correct language, and to tell exactly what he has seen in order to be interesting, and this one would naturally suppose it was in the power of every man of average abilities and ordinarily good education to do; but such is not the case. As much genius is required to write thoroughly good travels as to write anything thoroughly good in any other department of literature. We might compare the art of writing travels to that of a landscape painter. One artist will draw the ruin, and the river, and the tree, and the rock, and all the time that it is impossible to find fault with the correctness of the representation, as far as regards mere form, the beholder is conscious of an utter want of life and spirit. He does not experience the *feeling* that natural objects should have produced in his soul. It is the mere dead letter of art without any of its poetry. And so it is frequently with writers of travels. They describe what they see, but in so lifeless a manner, that no picture is transferred to the mind of the reader, who can yet find no fault with the details of the description. The minds of such writers are utterly deficient in the power to impart that colouring medium of which we have spoken, and which (we speak reverently) has somewhat the effect of a second creation.

Hitherto we have spoken chiefly of writers of descriptive travels, that is, of those who merely paint the manners, customs, social and moral, and the scenery of the countries through which they have passed, without any attempt to generalise the ideas they have received, or to abstract from them any truth of universal application. But in these latter days a new class of travellers has arisen—a class whom we may name philosophical travellers, and at the head of whom we may place SAMUEL LAING, whose *Notes of a Traveller* is among the most remarkable works of *practical philosophy* which has for years issued from the press. This latter class are not, however, properly speaking, so justly entitled to the appellation of writers of travels as the former. Their existence and their increasing number is only another proof of what CARLYLE terms the self-contemplating spirit of the age.

The Chevalier de CHATELAIN belongs rather to the former than to the latter class of travellers. He describes things as he sees them; but, although we can gather from his tone generally, whether he approves or disapproves, he propounds no theory, and seems to have no object or strong feeling in writing. Neither are his representations of things as they are very novel or striking. He does not possess in any very high degree that inspiration which can convey his own impressions to the mind of another with all the force and vividness not only of *realities* but of *originalities*. He does not even bring forward many new facts regarding either the social, political, or ecclesiastical condition of the so-called "Eternal City." All that he does relate, however, serves to confirm, if further confirmation were necessary, the proofs already obtained of the utterly demoralised condition of the principal seat of the Romish Hierarchy. Although it does not leave on the mind many new ideas, the work is pleasantly written, in a chatty familiar strain, and may serve to while away agreeably a wet afternoon. It will never take a permanent place in our literature, but it is



a perfectly readable book, and better than nine-tenths of its class. We conclude with an extract which may serve to exhibit its style and to amuse our readers.

The following describes a scene at the principal Restaurateur's in Rome.

The middle table was occupied by Germans; they were talking in a grave and measured manner, and each in turn. The names of Pergino, Winkelman, and Lavater, and above all, the vigorous manner in which they thumped the table at the end of each period of their discourse, convinced me that they were engaged in a profound dissertation on the fine arts. At no great distance from this table, another set were apparently discussing a question of the greatest importance, as all its members, with cheeks inflamed, and upturned faces, were literally out-bawling each other. These I recognised to be Muscovites, by their strange countenances that seemed hewn out of the solid rock, their flat and shining hair, and the numerous *kis* and *kofs* that interlarded their discourse. The reserved air and somewhat cold manners of a few young men with very light hair, and gentle contemplative physiognomies, at once directed me to the British quarter. These young men talked but little. As a curious contrast, the group beside them presented the most grotesque appearance. One wore a huge hat of Tuscan straw, and the jacket of a galley slave; another a Greek cap and a hunting frock; a third was quite dandified, and sported Turkish mustachios. They talked away with the most surprising volubility and fearlessness. They rode rough-shod through the whole world of politics, theatricals, fashions, philosophy, and music, asking and answering questions in the same breath. More was not wanting to make me hail them as my countrymen. Those who were eating in my immediate vicinity next claimed my attention. All the features of the ultramontane were fully displayed in the strange medley of shaven crowns, enormous whiskers, long and curly hair, besides rings on every finger, and macaroni in every plate. They appeared extremely ceremonious, and a smile was always on their lips. While I was admiring the extreme mobility of their countenances, there came in a man dressed in a uniform with golden epaulettes and cock's feathers in his hat, and strutting like a peacock, whose appearance caused the faces of my neighbours to grow more gracious still. They vied with each other in the attempt to squeeze themselves into a yet smaller space, and they all exclaimed at once, "*Come va il Signore Marchese?*" The noble Marquis replied by a most encouraging smile, clanked his sword on the ground, and then called most magnificently for a plate of macaroni. Fernando had managed to find a place next me; he whispered in my ear:—"This personage is the son of the mustard vendor to the Pope." These few words inspired me with an immoderate fit of laughter, but Fernando checked me: "Do not make game of him, for you must know you are in his palace. This nobleman, not being rich, pays his servants but very low wages. The cook, after musing rather sadly on the subject some twenty years ago, asked his leave to retail eatables on his own account, in a room on the ground floor; this favour having been granted, he had soon so many customers that a second, then a third, and lastly all the rooms on the ground-floor became necessary to him. His noble patron now becoming aware of the extensive revenue likely to accrue from letting his premises, was contented to bow to necessity, and his title being the Marquis de Lepri (hares), his cook took this animal for his sign." Fernando put a stop to his explanations, for they now brought us our soup. On stirring it I perceived something that looked widely different from any known vegetable. I called the waiter:—"What is this?" "Why, it is a little animal." It was in fact a large snail. I had thought to shame him; but on the contrary, my discontent seemed to surprise him. The succeeding dish was certainly not delicious, but with a little good will, one might manage to make one's dinner. One more trait will be sufficient to give an idea of the cleanliness of the Roman *trattoria*. I asked for some salad; as it was a long while making its appearance, one of the waiters begged me to take patience, as it was undergoing the process of being cleaned; and in proof of his assertion he pointed out in the garden an ancient tomb of marble, which served as a basin to the fountain, where the salad was floating amicably amongst the fish. Besides, a grating separated the basin in two, and in one of the compartments a woman was washing stockings and shirts. At the sight of this I could not help exclaiming:—"What! do you wash the eatables you serve up to table with such dirty disgusting things as these?" "But, sir, don't you see there is a grating?" Such a fact needs no comment; and my reader may imagine that I paid my bill without waiting for anything more.

*Eight Years in Syria, Palestine and Asia Minor from 1842 to 1850.* By F. A. NEALE, Esq. 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co. 1851.

Mr. NEALE resided in the East for eight years, and was attached to the Consular service in Syria during the whole of that period. Hence he had ample opportunities of becoming familiar with the habits and tastes of the people among whom he sojourned. His official duties rendered it necessary that he should occasionally change his place of abode. He also made frequent excursions of long duration, traversing, during his residence in Syria, the whole of this vast province, and becoming acquainted with the land from Gaza to Alexandria.

Mr. NEALE's book has no appearance of effort—it seems to have grown out of the position in which circumstances placed him. It is the result of several years of occasional authorship. Mr. NEALE daily penned an account of his doings and conversations, and of the knowledge he had acquired; and he frequently found that a reference to his note-book enabled him to furnish a friend with information of considerable value regarding some of the routes he had taken or the towns in which he had resided. The knowledge he has amassed as a student of the inner life of Syria is perhaps the most valuable part of his book, though as an itinerary no work on the East that we have seen can be said to equal it. As a narrative it is unaffected, but amply stored with entertaining and instructive matter. The accounts of Eastern life are richly illustrated with stories fresh from the Orient—stories which a mere excursionist would not have an opportunity of hearing, and which a writer less ingenious than Mr. NEALE would dismiss as idle gossip, but which an attentive reader will esteem as reflecting much that should be known of the mental condition of the people who are the subjects of them.

Mr. NEALE's first place of abode was Gaza, but he visited or resided successively at Askalon, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Caïpha, Mount Carmel, Acre, Sidon, Tyre, Beyrout, Tripoli, Antioch, Aleppo, Alexandretta, Adana, and Cyprus.

We may remark that Mr. NEALE is a gentleman as well as a careful traveller; that his introductions to society were such as to enable him to speak of all classes with equal familiarity; he moreover perfectly enjoys life, and is as much at home on a sporting excursion as in a drawing-room or at the toils of office.

Although Gaza is described as the least fanatical town Mr. NEALE ever entered, the inhabitants are exceedingly superstitious. The arrival of a party of Englishmen is an event much dreaded by the authorities at Gaza, in consequence of the proverbial prejudice of milord against the performance of quarantine, which is strictly exacted at Gaza. Mr. NEALE noted two peculiarities respecting

#### CAMELS AND DOVES.

I saw two things at Gaza that made me wonder exceedingly. One was a camel eating prickly pear-leaves, biting off and crunching, as though they were cucumbers, direful looking leaves a foot long and two inches thick, covered with thorns as big as spike nails; the other was the incredibly large flight of doves that came across the sea about the latter end of August. Quails I had often seen in flights, but doves never. These birds arrived in such an exhausted state, that they alighted by thousands on the beach, and there fell an easy prey to the natives. Twenty sold for ten paras (about a halfpenny.) Men who had well nigh forgotten the taste of meat fell too and had a feast of a fortnight's duration; and when this strange fall of flesh was over, they went back to grass again.

A pasha comes in for a share of Mr. NEALE's attention in this account of

#### A BALL AT BEYROUT.

Amongst the Europeans inhabiting Beyrout there are some first-rate musicians and pianists. Evening quadrille parties, or musical *rèunions*, are of frequent occurrence; and some of the grandes occasionally give a ball, with a sumptuous supper, to which all the *élite* of every religion and costume are invited. On these occasions the Pasha's band generally attends, and right well do they execute their duties. The uninitiated stranger, arriving from Aleppo, or Tripoli, or Latakia, is astounded to hear the latest polkas and waltzes admirably performed. Nor are the dances one whit behind; the newest steps are executed, and a little foreigner, who is master of the ceremonies, is in such a state of ecstatic delight, that he actually forgets to twirl his mustachios, having both hands occupied in applauding rapturously.

The ball-room contains a motley assemblage, *rustic*, amusing to those who do not dance. At the end of the room, perched on a divan of state, is a Pasha and some of the more distinguished Turks. These smoke and talk, and applaud alternately, looking upon the whole affair as a boy would at a puppet-show, and thinking that the ladies and their partners are capering about for their especial behoof and amusement. If there is anything that annoys them, it is the character of the music, which is not half sedate enough, nor sufficiently lugubrious or out of time to suit their taste. When the waltz or the quadrille, or whatever it may be, is over, and the partners promenade in couples round the room, these grey-bearded children criticise the ladies, and are heard to exclaim *Mashallah!* if any particular belle happens to be rather stout, which is the standard of beauty in Turkey. After smoking an incredible number of pipes, and seeing a great many dances, and consuming whole gallons of very strong punch, the old fellows toddle home in very merry mood, thanking their stars that it was not in their own harems that they had just witnessed dancing, as in their hearts they look upon the affair as very indecorous as regards the ladies.

Mr. NEALE gives some depreciating descriptions of the dragomen, whose aid to travellers, he says, is often of a very dubious character. Of the trade of Egypt he speaks very hopefully, late years having witnessed a vast improvement. Some of Mr. NEALE's pictures of cities and their peculiarities are ample and original, as this of

#### ANTIOCH AND ITS HOUSES.

Antioch is, beyond dispute, the cheapest place in the world, as well as one of the healthiest; and if it were not for the ragged little boys, who hoot at every stranger and throw stones at his door, annoying you in every possible way, I should prefer it as a place of residence to any spot I have visited in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

My house was of perfectly new construction, well planted, and well situated, and proof against water as well as wind. I had four rooms, a sitting-room, a dining-room, a bedroom, and a dressing-room. I had a walled enclosure of about eighty feet square, where roses and geraniums vied in beauty with jessamines and lilies. There was also a poultry-yard, a pigeon-house, stables for three horses, a storehouse, a kitchen, and a servant's room. I had in the garden a grape-vine (muscatel), a pomegranate-tree, a peach-tree, a plum-tree, an apricot, and a China quince; and, in addition to all these, a fountain perpetually jetting up water, and a well, and a bathing-room. For all this accommodation I paid three hundred and fifty piastres—about three pounds sterling; and this was a higher rent than would be paid by any native. Of course the house was unfurnished; but furniture in the East is seldom on a grand scale: a divan, half a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a looking-glass, a table or two, and half a dozen pipes and narghilies, are all one requires. Servants cost about three pounds a head per annum. Seven and a half pounds of good mutton may be had for a shilling; fowls, and fat ones two, twopence each. Fish is sold by the weight; thirteen rotolos for a beshlik, or about seventy pounds weight for a shilling. Eels, the very best flavoured in the world, three halfpence each. As for vegetables, whether cabbages, lettuces, des asperges, celery, water-cresses, parsley, beans, peas, radishes, turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and onions, a pennyworth would last a man a week. Fruit is sold at the same rates; and grapes cost about five shillings the horse-load. Game is also abundant. Dried fruits and nuts can be obtained in winter. In fact, living as well as one could wish, I found it impossible (house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included) to exceed the expenditure of forty pounds per annum.

Under these circumstances, it may appear marvellous that many Europeans possessed of limited means have not made Antioch their temporary home; but every question has two sides, and everything its pros and cons. The cons in this instance are the barbarous character of the people among whom you live; the perpetual liability of becoming at one instant's warning the victim of some fanatical émeute; the small hopes you have of redress for the grossest insults offered; the continual intrigues entered into by the Ayans to disturb your peace and comfort; the absence of many of the luxuries enjoyed in Europe; the want of society and books; and the total absence of all places of worship, which gradually creates in the mind a morbid indifference to religion, and which feeling frequently degenerates into absolute infidelity. It is better to choose with David in such a case, and say, "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of iniquity."

Political changes, and the working of the Eastern governments, are minutely traced. The account of KUTCHUK ALI OGLU, and of his progress from the character of rebel to that of governor, is piquant and novel. OGLU gained posses-

sion of a mountain fortress, and soon secured the loyalty of the mountaineers and then defied the ruling authorities.

The first measure adopted by Kutchuk Ali Oglu, on obtaining this long-wished-for pre-eminence, was the immediate construction of a store-house and granaries in the caves and ravines of the most lofty, and apparently inaccessible, summits of this mountain range; and the approach to some of these spots was so intricate, so winding, and so perilous, as to admit of but one individual advancing at a time, whilst those stationed above commanded, from their lofty position, a bird's-eye view of the whole ascent, and could, if required, shoot all who approached, or by rolling down massive stones, even crush them to dust. On many of the most elevated of these points, Kutchuk Ali Oglu caused sham fortresses to be constructed with clay, and though materially damaged by every heavy shower, yet being kept in constant repair, they had at a distance an imposing appearance.

Having laid by provisions, and prepared an asylum to which, in case of being hard pressed or pursued by his enemies, he could retreat, Kutchuk Ali Oglu openly unfurled the banner of revolt, and set at defiance the pashas and governors of the surrounding provinces, commencing a series of forays, which, from small beginnings, increased daily till they reached to such a glaring extent, that his name became a word of terror from Aleppo to Konia. Yet the followers of this man are supposed to have never exceeded five hundred, though this fact only came to light after his death, when his bands were dispersed. Whenever a strange traveller passed through his domains, he arranged his adherents after the fashion of soldiers in a play; and the same set, favoured by the impenetrable thickness of the forests, would pass and repass upwards of a dozen times before he reached the village. The next day, on his quitting the locality, the same farce would be repeated, till he was fairly without the confines of the mountains, so that the report spread by this man, on reaching Scanderoon, was that whilst traversing Kutchuk Ali's domains, he had seen thousands of soldiers, and that his territory literally swarmed with armed men. As every successive traveller confirmed this report, no doubt of its truth existed, and the robber chief was universally dreaded.

And he was not willing to surrender the position he had attained, but resisted the troops of the pashas:

The impending attack of the Sultan's forces, kept the rebel's brains continually at work. He determined upon receiving them with bribes and flattery, instead of resorting to his usual method of bush fighting and making sorties. For the better execution of this plan, the whole surrounding villages were laid under contribution for the supply of sheep, oxen, goats, fowls, oil, olives, and other necessities, and herds of cattle were driven from the pasturage of their luckless owners into the territories of the rebel chief, who had hardly completed these arrangements before the Sultan's forces were at hand. He immediately collected his adherents, and, with them and their families, found shelter in his inaccessible fastnesses, where well filled granaries and storehouses insured them ample supplies, and a village of well-built huts afforded lodging. Nothing, indeed, was wanting for comfort and security.

At midnight the Turkish force encompassed Byass, cutting off, as they imagined, all communication with the mountain and other villages, and, at a given signal, the attack commenced. The houses were set on fire, and the flame soon spread to the surrounding brushwood, and even caught the forest. The loud crash of falling timber, the affrighted cry of the night owl, and the perpetual yells of jackals and beasts of prey, who fled from the fire only to meet death in some other shape, resounded far and near through the mountains. Morning broke on this scene of desolation, and the troops and their commander found, to their rage and disappointment, that whilst they had fondly hoped and imagined that they were reducing to cinders the fortresses, magazines, armouries, and granaries of the banditti, they had been wasting their energies on a miserable uninhabited village, and that the bird they had hoped to ensnare was safely out of their clutches, making merry at their expense.

The invaded chief was fortunate enough to seize a French ship heavily laden with jewellery of all descriptions. This wealth he contrived to use for propitiating his enemies, and he soon became the Governor of Byass, and was formally recognised as such by the Sultan.

In this interval, commerce with Asia Minor, which had been suspended on account of the high road to Aleppo passing directly through Byass, began to revive again. Caravans to and from Aleppo and Constantinople passed almost weekly, and appearances promised a speedy termination to an evil too long endured and submitted to. Kutchuk Ali Oglu thought otherwise, and, as events proved, judged rightly. An incessant fall

of rain at Byass and its vicinity put an effectual stop to all building operations; and fever, in a malignant form, broke out amongst the Sultan's troops. The men lost heart, sickened and died; provisions failed rapidly, and their sufferings were each day increasing. The general, at last, fell ill himself, and then Kutchuk Ali, who had been watching for an occasion, sent down a deputation to express his regret at the Pasha's state of health, and to offer for his acceptance, and the relief of his followers, live stock, grain, oil, dried fruits, &c., which he engaged daily to renew so long as his excellency saw fit to honour his territory with his presence. The Pasha was astounded at the man's generosity, as were all the Turkish soldiery, and when, in addition to these daily peace offerings, the gold watches and trinkets came into play, the game was won. The commanders proposed not only to withdraw their troops and retire to Constantinople, but to make such a report of the noble conduct of Kutchuk Ali Oglu, who had by acts proved himself to be a faithful subject and ally of the Sultan, instead of the rebel he had been peculiarly represented, as should inevitably bring him into the Sultan's favour. Before their departure, Kutchuk signed a treaty, stipulating to afford especial protection to the caravan of holy pilgrims that must unavoidably pass through his territory on their annual route to Mecca, and to befriend and protect commerce and travellers. This was approved of by the Sublime Porte, and he was officially created Governor of the district, which elevated him to the high grade of Pasha of two tails.

We will give one other passage and leave Mr. NEALE's volumes to our readers, assuring them that even a much larger amount of extract would not convey a correct idea of the variety of the information contained in these pleasing and instructive records of Eastern life.

#### LIFE AT JAFFA.

Shops and magazines began now to be opened, and the bustle of life commenced. Sedate looking Turks, in long fur-lined cloaks, stalked gravely down to their respective offices, followed by some half-dozen retainers, who were laden with pipes, tobacco, the requisites for indispensable coffee, ledgers, writing implements, carpets, and divan cushions. These were the several functionaries attached to the Custom-house, the Quarantine, and the passport offices, all of which departments were situated in the least ruined parts of the tottering ramparts. Porters, with heads bowed down like miniature Atlases, came staggering along with huge sacks of grain on their backs, and small tickets in their hands, which latter they delivered to a Government officer, stationed at the landing-place for this purpose. As they neared the gate, they kept screaming out the name of the shipper of the grain with stentorian lungs, for the guidance of merchant's clerks, sent to keep tally of the sacks shipped by their employers, and also to prevent confusion among the many boats which were loading at the landing place for the various vessels in the roads. Thus the porter shouted "Larti," and the "Larti's" clerk immediately took up the cry, and made a note of the sack as it passed. Then the boatman employed by "Larti" re-echoed the cry of both, adding, to show that there was no mistake, "Scuner Inglesse," or "Bric Francaise," whichever country the vessels belonged to which Larti was loading. Perhaps eight or ten different merchants were sending down grain for their respective vessels, and the din occasioned by the repetition of their not very euphonious names was quite bewildering. "Eben Abou Moustafa," cried one. "Bas-tras Nepoti," bawled another. "Sheik Halil Eben Sheik Gereed," "Zenkenia Kiskaponi," "Demetrius Theopisticles," "Moosi Moosi Eben Moosi," "Abdelrahman Eben Habeeb," "Signor Jacko," "Capetano Gerosino," &c., and a continual repetition of these throughout the day.

#### FICTION.

*Alban: a Tale.* By the Author of "Lady Alice." In 3 vols. London: Colburn & Co.

*Life and its Lessons: Founded on Fact.* By Mrs. HUBBACK, niece of Miss AUSTEN, author of "The Wife's Sister," &c. In 3 vols. London: Shoberl.

HUMAN nature is inexhaustible in its variety. Originality is not extinct, as some thoughtless people say, nor ever will it cease to be. He who mingles with men in their own spheres, where they are not under restraint, but speak and act as nature prompts, will find as abundant material for the novel, even in these modern days, as did the authors of old who have preserved to us such faithful portraits of the men and women, the manners and modes of thought, of their own times. The reason why so many novelists now-a-days complain of the lack of original characters is that too many of them do not go to seek them where

they are to be found. Such as their knowledge is of the world without their own little spheres, scarcely ranging beyond the circle of home, is drawn from books. Hence it is that in almost every new novel or romance, instead of lighting on something new, we are wearied with a revival of familiar personages whom we have seen before more than once playing the same part in other books; hence too, the little interest which such fictions excite and the short life enjoyed by them, dwelling not even in the memory of those who read them, for lack of other employ, in dull seasons of holiday or out of town.

*Alban* is not liable to this reproach, and therefore it is a somewhat remarkable novel. The scene is laid in New England, long since, and it is designed to depict society in that country—a purpose which is carried out with a great deal of spirit and effect. But the authoress appears to have had another object in view, to contrast Presbyterianism with Roman Catholicism, to the prejudice of the former, and we are not sure that she has not a desire to impress her readers with a sentiment (for there is nothing addressed to the convictions) favourable to the faith of Rome. The defect of the novel consists in the absence of plot. It is little more than a succession of scenes, very vividly painted, but imperfectly connected together and conducting to no definite end. Hence it will disappoint those who read for a story, while it will enhance the pleasure of those better minds who read for the sake of the writing. The composition is unusually good, many of the dialogues being quite brilliant, and there is a life and spirit in the tone of the work which sustains the attention and more than compensates to a critical taste for the absence of an exciting plot. We know not who is the author, but from many minor traits in the wording, we suspect her to be an American. Certain it is, that she possesses an intimate knowledge of the scenery and of the structure of society in New England, and it is very pleasant, amid so much of reproduction in fiction, to find something that is at once new and true. For these merits we can recommend *Alban* to the notice of readers who are not habitual devourers of circulating libraries, who indulge in a novel only rarely, and then desire something beyond the average of ability.

Mrs. HUBBACK's *Life and its Lessons*, possesses that which *Alban* wants, a good plot, but it is inferior to it in merit as a composition. It is not so characteristic, nor so original, nor does it exhibit the same artistic skill either of dialogue or description. Nevertheless it is fully equal to the average of publications of its class, and it will probably prove much more attractive to the great majority of the patrons of the library, who read rather for the tale than for the writing. There is matter here for tears, and Mrs. HUBBACK excels in depicting pathetic scenes. *Life and its Lessons* is a tragedy, founded, as we are assured, on fact, and, wild though the story is, very little experience of life will convince us that there is nothing in fiction half so strange as the realities of the world.

We will not destroy the interest of the reader by attempting an analysis of the melancholy tale, but leaving him or her to trace it, as it is developed in the pages of the work itself, we commend it to the libraries as one which is sure to be much in request among the most numerous class of their subscribers, during these long autumnal evenings.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Historic Lays.* By P. S. SPARLING. London: Phipps.

*Maryna.* By the Rev. A. NELSON.

*Leaves from the Tree of Life.* By the Rev. R. W. FRAZER, M. A. London: Hamilton and Co.

*Death's Waiting Room; or, the Girondist's Last Supper.* By ALPHA. London: Whittaker.

By the dynamometer invented by REGNIER, we are enabled to ascertain the comparative lumber strength of individuals or races, but, at present, there is no accurate means of calculating the waste of energy consequent on the production of bad verses. The amount of power yearly expended in the manufacture of wretched books is enormous. Such an expenditure of national resources we witness "more in sorrow than in anger," because, if otherwise directed, it would probably be capable of revealing new wonders in science and mechanics. The right direction of



power is the great source of progression, and experience shows, and Physiology and Phrenology both prove, that every man has a dominant faculty. If that faculty always received its proper culture, nine-tenths of the poetical books of the day, would never have had "a local habitation and a name." Often, when the critic is most severe, he is most just, and then, perchance, he is most of all an agent of progress. It is the critic's duty, and it is often a painful duty, to direct individual enthusiasm, because the waste of energy is as profitless as the want of it.

In the first place, we are saved the task of critically analysing Mr. SPARLING's *Historic Lays*, because, with more truth than judgment, he has in his preface informed us how much merit they really possess. It would be unmannerly in us to doubt Mr. SPARLING's personal knowledge on this point. When he says—"I feel compelled to admit that the subjects chosen have not had ample justice done them by me. The faults and imperfections in the work will be found to abound, and it is not unlikely there may be some plagiarisms," we feel bound to believe him. Mr. SPARLING's information on this point must be very well grounded, only we think the guilty knowledge should have been sufficient to keep his poems in their virgin manuscript form. We suspect that Mr. SPARLING's preface is a sample of cant, and he must thank himself if we have punished him by taking it literally.

Next comes, in the shape, but not in the spirit of an epic, the Rev. ADAM NELSON's *Maryna*. From the beginning to the end, there is no grandeur, but only a respectable uniformity. In its perusal, one is sensible of the same feeling as he experiences in travelling over a long level road. Every man knows with what elasticity his foot ascends the first hill, or descends to the first valley, after he has trodden the monotony of a lengthy plain. In *Maryna*, we have no grand elevations, and no rapid declensions. One proof that *Maryna* is not a great poem, is its singular want of inequalities. No writer has written meaner passages than SHAKESPEARE, but then what poet has soared so high into the highest heaven of invention? CARRACCIO intended a sarcasm when he observed, "I have seen TINTORET, now equal to TITIAN, and now less than TINTORET;" but the observation was an acknowledgment of the claims and the presence of genius. If we may so express ourselves, the very faultlessness of Mr. NELSON's poem is a failing. This absence of faults denotes industry, not greatness, and least of all expanding and expansive genius.

*Leaves of the Tree of Life*, is a mere paraphrase of a few scripture texts. The author does not claim to be ranked among the poets. His object is to provide something that may be read with advantage on the Sabbath, between the hours of public worship. We need only say that the design of the author is better than his poetry.

From the preface, we infer that the author of *Death's Waiting-room*, is young and unused to literary composition, and the fact is obvious in the dramatic sketch before us. Still there is more latent power in ALPHA, than in any of the preceding authors. We question the wisdom of any young writer choosing such a difficult theme. It seems to us like CUPID attempting to use the club of HERCULES. "The attempt and not the deed" confounds us. The author says, in extenuation, that "young birds take short flights at first." So they do, but he forgets that they also take low flights at first. It is only the possessor of the strong and well-practised wing that, like the lark, can soar up unto, and lose itself in the blue of heaven, and yet pour down the perfection of song below. We are not disposed to be over critical with ALPHA, because we perceive in him certain flushings and flashings of the true poetic fire. Though it be ever so indistinct and undefined, yet its presence is prophetic of a power that study and opportunity may develop fully.

The best poetry is the best ideas expressed by the best language, and the examples are not rare in which an unpoetical word has spoiled a poetical figure.

ALPHA must avoid such lines as "Time crouches into nothing;" "Lone corruption roasts upon our forms," &c. When the term employed is below the elevation of the subject, the subject is necessarily depressed to the level of the term. A perfect combination of both is the excellence of poetry. One extract will prove that ALPHA can write creditably and well:

How slow yet speedy is thine advent, Death!  
Slow when most sought for, speedy when unasked,

And oh, how terrible is thy suspense!  
No germ of pity warms thy chilly shade,  
No trace of mercy owns thee as its lord;  
Or why with bony grasp dost thou invade  
Where sleeping forms lie cradled in repose?  
Why comes thy stifling presence amid health,  
To play the ravisher with beauty's charms,  
Or suck away a breath by Judas' kiss?  
A childling mocks a cherub in his dreams,  
If love should tickle him with a caress,  
Or fairies whisper music in his ears;  
His mouth is wreathed into a knot of smiles,  
And silent laughter nestles on his face;  
But cold convulsions may succeed to these,  
And he may wake no more. A father's voice  
Blesses his little ones at peep of day,  
And evening finds him, mute, inanimate,  
Whilst they may starve for all that Death will care.

## RELIGION.

*The State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity.* pp. 260. London: W. Pickering. 1851.

We have before had occasion to speak in terms of general commendation of Mr. PICKERING's "Small Books," and he seems determined that no pains shall be spared in order to retain for them that approbation which, we believe, they have generally secured. In the present instance, indeed, considerable exception must be taken to the manner in which the author's part of the business has been done; but this must not, in any degree, lessen our sense of obligation to the spirited and enterprising publisher.

The book before us, so far as we can discover, professes to be neither history nor essay; but, in reality, is something of both. It is in the narrative form, and preserves some regard to chronology; while the narrative is relieved by a constant current of critical remark. Nothing can be objected to it in respect to ability or taste; but we doubt whether the author addressed himself to his task with that careful and accurate information which the subject demanded; and we are sorry to observe that he has made an apparently harmless narrative the medium of a covert attack on principles as yet held sacred by the majority of Christians in this country. We point out both these circumstances as objections to the book; for historical accuracy is the first requirement in a writer of such a book; and, whatever a man's opinions may be, he has no right to insinuate them through an unsuspected channel. That the book is obnoxious to these objections, we shall presently show.

We cordially agree with the writer when he says that "the man of the world may, perhaps, find that when he dismisses Church History from his thoughts as a mere detail of squabbles about abstruse doctrines or useless ceremonies, he has made a blunder, and will do well to retrace his steps;" but it strikes us that the very proposal of such an objection to Church History, and in such terms, betrays the author's animus. It would not have entered into our imagination to suppose that even a "man of the world" could take a view of it so totally at variance with facts, and so little to be expected from the nature of the case as that which is thus indicated. Discussions as to doctrine we know there have been in all ages of the church, and as church doctrine includes those everlasting verities from which mystery is inseparable, these must necessarily be frequently abstruse. Nor, considering that there can hardly exist a system of doctrine, in connexion with a habitual practice of public devotion, without a ritual, can it easily happen that such discussions should leave ceremonies altogether out of the question. We are, therefore, not inclined to join in the author's implied admission that, were Church History in any great degree concerned with these, it would on that account be unworthy the attention of intelligent minds. The ceremonies about which the greatest debate has been held are pregnant with meaning, and are generally indicative of a particular tone of thinking, which, of itself, would entitle them to attentive consideration; and we must confess that were a "man of the world," or any one else, to betray such execrable taste as to designate solemn discussions, on the most momentous subjects that can engage and exhaust the thinking powers of man, by the name of mere "squabbles," we should be inclined to regard him as a man whom the lessons of History could not instruct, and the grandeur of the Church's early conflicts could not solemnise.

As we proceed throughout this volume we discover the same tendency to lower the dignity and diminish the meaning of great facts and impressive incidents; and it certainly appears to us

that a very different temper from this is needed in the man who would write the History of the Church.

The inaccuracies to which we have alluded as indicating the author's want of minute information, are none of them of any great consequence; but as the books which would have enabled him to avoid them are easily accessible, their presence at all is to be condemned. As an instance of these, we may mention his blunder as to the founder of the Novatians, who was not, as the author states, NOVATUS, but NOVATIANUS. Both of these are historical characters; both took part in the great controversy which agitated the church in the third century as to the "lapsi," when the severity of the persecutions rendered it a question of the greatest practical consequence. Both were chargeable with ecclesiastical assumption and irregularity, and both were in conflict with their respective bishops. From these circumstances much confusion has arisen out of the transactions in which they were engaged, and the similarity of their names has of course made the confusion worse. But if the author of this volume will take the trouble of examining this matter a little more closely, we think he will be able to establish a clear line of demarcation between the motives and conduct of these two men. It will be found that the proceedings of NOVATUS were, from first to last, prompted by his hostility to CYPRIAN, Bishop of Carthage; that at different stages in these proceedings he professed to hold views on the disputed question as to the lapsi, which were not only different from, but diametrically opposed to one another; and that at no period did he use that controversy except as an accidental weapon in his master-fend with CYPRIAN. On the other hand, NOVATIANUS is from first to last identified with those stern doctrines as to purity of Church communion, and the perpetual inadmissibility of apostates to Christian privileges, which his followers continued to maintain, and in comparison with which his dispute with CORNELIUS, Bishop of Rome, was accidental and subordinate. In the history of the one, the great fact is the controversy as to episcopal authority, the episode relating to purity of ecclesiastical communion; in the other, the circumstances were precisely the reverse. The one was nothing but a turbulent and revolutionary priest; the other seems to have imagined himself called to the defence of Christian truth amid the frequent defections of a troubled age. This is precisely the point in the early history of the Church where a careless or ill-informed writer might have been expected to stumble; but it is also that in which a careful student of Church history might have done some service by bringing out the salient points of contrast between two men who were essentially dissimilar, yet whose identity every succeeding writer seems determined to confound.

Again, this writer mentions as a fact about which there exists no doubt, that a decree was issued by ANTONINUS PIUS, "by which the mere profession of Christianity was not allowed to be considered as a crime, and those who accused the Christians frivolously, were rendered amenable to severe punishment." He does not seem to be aware that the greatest doubt has been expressed by recent historians, as to this alleged fact; which has certainly been asserted on very sufficient evidence, and which seems to us to have been satisfactorily disproved. NEANDER says that "the author of this rescript speaks rather the language of a Christian than of a pagan emperor, especially of one whose praise was his singular and scrupulous regard for the public ceremonies. The succeeding history, moreover, does not notice the existence of such an edict." Whatever opinion it may be thought proper to take, on weighing all the evidence, it does not appear that the author of the work before us was aware that any doubt had been thrown on the statement as to this decree, or that any controversy on the subject existed. He ought to have marked with greater clearness than he has, that it was in the reign of GALLIENUS that the Christians for the first time enjoyed real substantial protection from the Roman law.

But we have no space for going further into these matters. It is our business now to point out the peculiar bias of opinion through which this writer has sought to interpret primitive facts. Let us listen to his own words.

What happened then (i.e. on the promulgation of Christianity) must happen always: the man of science and the deep thinker will arrive at a simplicity and spirituality of belief which to a less trained mind appears like unbelief, because, in the deep thinker, the imagina-

tive and visible part of religious life is postponed to those earnest communings of spirit with spirit, which are the real in-dwelling of God in the human soul. The first Christians were termed Atheists by the heathen, because no statue graced their places of worship, or received their homage as the representative of some divine attribute; in modern Italy the same term is bestowed on those who doubt the almighty power of the Virgin or the Pope; and, in modern England, he who finds that the bible contains mistakes in natural science and in chronology, and who hints that if the words of scripture be all and every divinely inspired, the Deity, to be consistent, should have protected them from the mistakes of transcribers—that therefore the thousands of various readings make a *prima facie* case against the verbal inspiration of these works, and the mistakes in chronology, &c. a further case against their complete inspiration,—if, I say, any scientific man who cannot avoid seeing this, but who in no wise finds his religious faith thereby shaken, ventures to record his opinion publicly, he is instantly attacked with injurious epithets by those whose minds cannot stretch to the same degree of spiritualism, and however his life give evidence of the best fruits of Christianity, he is called a rationalist and an infidel.

Our readers will, by this time, perceive that it is not a simple historical account of primitive times that is to be looked for in this volume, but a historical account strongly biased in one particular direction, and a criticism of the history guided by principles which may be justly viewed with suspicion. Nothing is more easy to adopt than this rationalistic cant; and of cant of all kinds, whether it be Calvinistic or Spiritualist, we profess our abhorrence. If our degree of approximation to the character of a man of science or a deep thinker is to be measured by our degree of divergence from the received faith, not only as to Christian mysteries, but as to the inspired character of the sacred volume, we are willing to surrender our pretensions to either character. But surely this anonymous author cannot have rocked himself into the belief that his readers will be convinced either by his *ipse dixit*, or by the shallow reasoning of which the passage just quoted is a specimen. If we are told that the communing of spirit with spirit,—that is, as we take it, e.g. of our spirit with our author's—is the real "in-dwelling of God in the human soul," our answer must be either that we do not know what the writer means (if indeed he have a meaning), or that if he means what appears on the face of his statement, it is a gross absurdity. If he argues that it is unjust to call a man a rationalist who exalts reason above faith, and shows a disposition even to deny the existence of a personal Deity, and the authority of an exclusive revelation (to which his own opinions tend) because men in former times have been wrongfully called Atheists, does he judge so meanly of his readers' intelligence as to suppose any one of them can be imposed upon by so transparent a fallacy? When he talks of false chronology as an argument against the complete inspiration of scripture, does he mean that any one has ever maintained Drs. USHER, HALES, and PLAYFAIR, to have been inspired? Any scriptural chronology but that which scholars have attempted to establish by hypothesis, we are ignorant of, and shall be glad to learn from the writer in which of the ancient Bible authors he has found an attempt to note events by regular dates. When he speaks of "mistakes in natural science," whether does he mean mistakes on the part of Bible or biblical critic? We have heard such mistakes asserted, especially on the question of the Earth's antiquity; but when the fact is considered that the actual antiquity of the Earth is absolutely undetermined and unknown, and that the most eminent geologists have declared the perfect compatibility of the scriptural narrative with the results of scientific observation, the complacency of this author does seem marvellously cool. And his talk of what "the Deity, to be consistent," should have done, reminds us strongly of that scientific blasphemer who said that "had he been at the creation of the world he could have given the Deity some good hints!" Altogether, there is such a dearth of argument and common sense in all that this writer puts argumentatively, that we should not think it worth our while to expose it, were it not that in this volume he has an opportunity of insinuating his opinions under the disguise of a simple narrative. The simplest incidents in the contemporary history of Christianity furnish occasion for some sceptical sneer at the narratives of the Old Testament writers. The ruin of Pompeii cannot be mentioned without the

remark that had a Hebrew prophet been called upon to give an account of it, "it would probably have been in such terms as those used in describing that of Sodom," and the reader is left to imagine that all that part of the Mosaic narrative which ascribes the destruction of the guilty cities to supernatural causes, must be laid aside as the mythical part of the story. Now really this is not fair. If this writer wishes to promulgate opinions of that school, there is no reason why he should not do so, but he should not do so under any disguise. People who buy his book should understand what it is they are buying; and this they have clearly no chance of doing, from the taking title of the book.

The growth of doctrines calculated to impeach the character of the Bible as an exclusive revelation; to lower the character of inspiration, and consequently to multiply the number of those to whom it may be attributed; to attach to every utterance of genius a divine and prophetic character, at the same time that the ancient prophets and inspired writers are lowered to the rank of mere bards, and those words of scripture which have an eternal and world-wide significance represented as nothing but the minstrelsy and the literature of a nation, small in numbers, and occupying an obscure corner of the earth,—the rapid growth of doctrines such as these renders it necessary to be on our guard against the first movements in that direction. And the deliberate and repeated assaults on the inspired character of many parts of scripture made in the present work, clearly betray a tendency towards that school of opinion, which should be clearly understood by those into whose hands it may fall.

Having said so much as to the objectionable qualities of the book, we have only to add that the author writes in a pleasing and interesting style, which, were it only a little more sustained, would often rise to eloquence. Some of the sketches he gives of the features of Roman society, and the social dangers by which the early Christians were surrounded, are exceedingly striking.

We conclude by quoting his aspiration for the future welfare of England, addressed "To the Reader:"

Where is there a country whose institutions might, if properly used, so minister to the well-being of the people? And are we to wait quietly to see all these swept away in a torrent of revolutionary violence, because we are resolved that what our forefathers did and thought must be the perfection of wisdom? *Μη γινώσκο!* Let us still see in every village in England a gentleman civilising and humanising the rude people around him: listening to their wants, entering into their occupations and thoughts, till he can make himself understood and trusted by them—raising them in the scale of being, and making them capable of a more spiritualized faith by a really improved education. Let us find him praying *with*, rather than *for* him, in the services of the church; and hear him in the pulpit, not enforcing obsolete doctrines, or repeating trite admonitions, but following in the steps of his Master, by joining amusement with instruction; for when Christ condescended to teach, the people were won to listen and to think by apophorems and short precepts which caught the attention, and were easily remembered.

What the author has in view here it is not easy to make out. Whether it is a more thorough country parson that he would wish to see in every parish, or only a parson after a new model, combining the characters of popular philosopher, schoolmaster, and master of the revels, and forswearing abstruse doctrine and practical preaching, we defy any one to determine. It may be something very fine that he has in view, but before we say "Amen," we should like to have some more precise definition of what is meant by a "more spiritualized faith," "obsolete doctrines," and "trite admonitions." A. R.

*Jewish School and Family Bible.* The first part, containing the Pentateuch newly translated, under the supervision of the Rev. the Chief Rabbi. By Dr. A. BENISCH, Professor of Hebrew to the Jews' and General Literary and Scientific Institution, &c. &c. London: James Darling. 1851.

Dr. BENISCH is well-known to Hebrew and theological students as the author of a Translation of, and Commentary on, that most difficult of books, the Prophecies of EZEKIEL, as the biographer of MAIMONIDES, and as the writer of an account of Jewish life and of the Jewish war under ADRIAN and TRAJAN. In his own community he holds a conspicuous position, not only as a Hebrew Pro-

fessor and synagogic lecturer, but as the editor of the only organ of the British Israelites, *The Voice of Jacob*. Of his scholarship and of his fitness, as far as that goes, for his present task, there is, we presume, no question, and from his brief, perspicuous, and unpretending preface we conclude him to be a man of judgment, sense, and calmness. It will not, we suppose, be disputed, that a new translation of the Old Testament, executed by such a person, must be extremely interesting to Christians, although, of course, it will be mainly important to the English Jew. Dr. BENISCH himself, by the way, is occasionally tempted to point out, in our authorized version, one or two alleged infractions of the proper rules of translation, but he rests his claim to notice chiefly on the want of an English Old Testament rendered from the Jewish point of view.

To give an authoritative verdict on the merits of this first portion of a new English translation of the Old Testament, would require a more minute inspection of its contents than we have an opportunity of giving. But there is one question which will readily arise in the minds of our readers, and which we can in some degree answer. It is: What are the relations of this new translation to our authorized version? We can say in reply that they are extremely close, that chapter after chapter reads very much in style and language like our own. Nay, with a praiseworthy abandonment of prejudice, Dr. BENISCH has even preserved our division into chapters and verses. The verses, indeed, do not form separate paragraphs, but their numeration is marked in the margin, and an asterisk denotes the close of each verse, thus combining, by a simple plan, the merits of division and continuity.

Let us select, almost at random, two passages—say the portion of the 28th chapter of Genesis, descriptive of JACOB'S dream, and that of the 43rd chapter of the same book, which contains the touching account of JOSEPH'S second interview with his brethren. We give the text in the authorized version, and have placed in brackets and in italics Dr. BENISCH'S variations:—

And he lighted upon a certain [*upon the*] place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows [*for a resting place for his head*] and lay down in that place to sleep [*in that place*]. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold, the angels [*behold angels*] of God ascending and descending [*going up and down*] on it. And behold the Lord [*the Eternal*] stood above it, and said I am the Lord God [*Eternal God*] of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither [*keep thee whithersoever*] thou goest, and will bring [*restore*] thee again into this land, for I will not leave [*forsake*] thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. And Jacob awoke out of his sleep, and he said, surely the Lord [*Eternal*] is in this place and I knew it not. And he was afraid and said, How dreadful [*fearful*] is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

How few are the marked changes which Dr. BENISCH'S microscopic inspection of the original has led him to make in this place, and how seldom are they changes for the better. Is not "pillows" more expressive and curt than "resting place for his head," and why should "ascending and descending" be altered into the more clumsy "going up and down." Then, "restore again" in the place of our "bring again" is pleonastic, and "fearful" is less solemn and not more correct than "dreadful."

We proceed now to the second passage, dealing with it as with the former one:—

And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed [*laved*] their feet; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready [*prepared*] the present against Joseph came at noon, for they heard that they should eat bread there. And when Joseph came home [*into the house*] they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed [*prostrated*] themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare and said, Is your father well [*is there peace with your father*] the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant, our father is in good health, he is yet alive. And they bowed down their heads and made obeisance [*prostrated*



themselves.] And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon [his compassion was excited towards] his brother, and he sought where to weep; and he entered [came] into his chamber, and wept there.

Without going into each instance of alteration, may we not say that our former remark is true of this passage? Take the case of JOSEPH's first question with our version makes, "Is your father well?" while Dr. BENISCH more literally renders it: "Is there peace with your father?" Yet, as in the preceding clause of the same verse, he had translated the Hebrew word which means literally peace, by "welfare," why not in the next clause have made a similar departure from literalness?

We do not mean to say that in other portions of the Pentateuch—such as the details of the ceremonial law—there are not graver differences springing out of the more elaborate scholarship of the last two centuries. But on the whole the passages we have given are a fair sample of the discrepancies between the versions of King JAMES' worthies and that of the modern Jewish scholar. And the latter would be well worth inspecting were it only to confirm our conviction (if such confirmation be needed), that in music, strength and real fidelity, very little if any thing can be done to improve our authorized version.

*Popey calmly, closely and comprehensively considered, as to its Claims, its Character, its Causes, and its Cure; with interesting and important documents, not generally known.* By the Rev. R. WEAVER. London: Partridge and Oakley, 1851.

THERE are few subjects which, on first appearance, seem to present so many advantages to a small writer as the Romish controversy. The abuses of the Church of Rome are potent and obvious: it requires no great dialectic skill to expose, and even refute, the most glaring of them: the person who undertakes the office is sure of a certain number of sympathising and ready auditors; which the present time more especially secures him. And yet the whole of these advantages are fallacious. If there is any fact which requires, or rather demands, a great, philosophic and comprehensive mind to deal with it, it is the subject of the Romish system. It is in itself a mighty system. It calls for an intellect, at least, not inferior to the intellects that laid its foundations and built it up—and they were of Cyclopean strength—to overthrow and destroy it. And, therefore, in defiance of feeble, though well-meant, attempts, the system of the Church of Rome still works and even flourishes. The book before us is of the general order; it brings forward the common arguments, and rehearses the usual statements. It will convince those who are already convinced, and add strength to feelings which are already Protestant; but, as a volume of *real* controversy, by which we mean one that will tell upon opponents, its value is next to nothing: in that intellectual energy, that power of reasoning and grasp of thought which is required in the controversialist who would deal with the Romish system in its totality, the writer is deficient. This is a difficult task, it is true; while the work of treating of and refuting particular Romish "shams" or abuses is seducing from its very easiness. But we must warn our young controversial writers that it is the former that they must set themselves to, if they would do anything, if they would have their efforts produce any real effect. The latter has been done over and over again until repetition is needless or worse. The author of this little book, which is neatly printed and got up, advocates the Congregationalist or Independent system in opposition to that of Rome. But Rome will only yield to a system which is purer in faith, more practical in its working, and grander in spirit and conception than itself. It is only the effort of a mightier than itself that can overcome and supersede it.

*Ears of Corn from various Sheaves: being Thoughts for the Closet.* Edited by SARAH LETTIS. London: Whitfield, 1851.

THE "Ears of Corn" were most probably collected with a good intention, but the fault that we must find with them is, that they are gleaned from very various sheaves indeed. The book is a collection of short paragraphs on different subjects, chiefly serious, made on the "omnium gatherum" principle from all kinds of writers of all kinds of opinions and shades of opinion; we find, for instance, the names of ROBERT HALL, and Lord BACON, and COLERIDGE, Mr. JAMES MARTINEAU, and MONTAIGNE, and Bishop LEIGHTON, Dr. CHANNING, and SAURIN, and Mrs. BARBAULD, following one another in rapid and

anomalous succession; and yet the book is not a Speaker, nor is it a methodically arranged digest of arguments or truths, but is only a succession of extracts, strung together almost, but not quite, at random. There is, of course, no unity of teaching or of thought among such a discordancy of teachers and of reasoners: it is, therefore, impossible to say what the aim of the book is intended to be: if it be merely designed to afford occasion and matter for a few reflections during a spare or idle half-hour, it will do, certainly, as much as that; and such a gap of unemployed time may not be usefully filled up by turning over the pages of *Ears of Corn*.

*The Church Catechism explained, illustrated, and proved from Scripture.* By the Rev. J. H. GOOCH, M.A. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans, 1851.

By the last generation of the English clergy catechetical instruction was almost utterly neglected and disused: and even by the most earnest and sincere men it was ignored as a means of teaching and preaching alone was looked to as the instrument for winning souls. The church has now discovered her mistake, and is at length endeavouring to avail herself of this one of the great engines for the diffusion of religious truth, which she seemed to have laid aside. The use of a forgotten weapon is not to be recovered at once, but by patient discretion and perseverance the clergy will, we doubt not, be able fully to work out the method of catechetical teaching which the church enjoins, and in the way which she commands. The elucidation of the Church Catechism which Mr. GOOCH has given us is calculated to be of service in carrying on this work. It is founded on Scripture, and is in accordance with the formularies of the English Church, the words and expressions of which it combines in the answers with frequent and pertinent quotations from the text of Holy Writ. Though simple, it is not by any means superficial; but expounds the great doctrines of Christianity, and the facts of our Holy Faith, plainly and rightly, with sufficient religious earnestness, but without any rashness of expression or tendency to party spirit. It is a commentary on the Catechism which we feel sure clergymen will find useful in the hands of the masters of their parish schools, no less than in their own.

*Foreshadows: or Lectures on Our Lord's Miracles, as Earnests of the Age to Come.* By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. London: A. Hall and Co.

THESE lectures were, as the preface informs us, "addressed by the writer to his flock in the ordinary course of his ministry, and were regarded by some of his hearers as sufficiently important to be preserved in a permanent shape. They were preached from notes and admirably reported." If by notes Dr. CUMMING means merely the heads of the discourse, the language being extempore, it is certainly a wonderful specimen of oratorical power, for every sentence is accurate in its form and tautology, inversion and broken periods, usually deemed unavoidable in extempore speaking, are entirely absent. The composition is as perfect as if the utmost care had been taken in writing it, and it has also the phraseology and construction of written discourse, which generally differs so widely from that which is spoken. Dr. CUMMING's sermons are remarkable for their adaptation to present circumstances, therefore they go home to the hearts of his audience. This peculiarity is singularly shown in the series contained in this little volume, for which the name and fame of the preacher will be a sufficient recommendation.

*A Primer of the History of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland.* Third Edition. Dublin: McGlashan.

AN outline of a history which appears to have been largely patronized in Ireland, for although published by subscription, it has already passed through three editions. It appears to be compiled with great labour, containing a vast number of documents and authorities strung together by a running commentary, which has the rare merit of avoiding disquisition, and limiting itself strictly to narrative. The collection of Popes' Bulls relating to Ireland is curious, and will be useful weapons in the present controversy; indeed, the entire work is an armoury of facts, to which resort might be desirably made by some of the combatants who are too fond of employing weapons more irritating but less deadly.

*Repentance: its Necessity, Nature, and Aids, a course of Sermons preached in Lent, by the Rev. JOHN JACKSON, M.A., Rector of St. James's, Westminster.* London: Skeffington and Southwell, 1851.

This is a course of six sermons on the great duty of repentance as the foundation of vital Christianity.

The necessity of repentance is enforced earnestly, and yet with soberness and distinctness, and its nature is well explained and clearly set out; the whole tone of the discourses is in accordance with sound doctrine and real religion.

## EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*Egmont, a Tragedy, by Goethe. The original German Edition, with a complete vocabulary.* By F. LEBAHN. London: Clarke.

THE student of German will find this to be an excellent reading book after he has mastered the first difficulties of the language, Mr. LEBAHN having adapted it for his use by the addition of a vocabulary. When he has read this little volume until he can translate every word of it without reference to the vocabulary, he will be able to read, with tolerable ease and with only occasional use of the dictionary, any book in the language.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Le Morvan (a District of France); its Wild Sports, Vineyards, and Forests.* By HENRI DE CRIGNELLE. Translated by Captain JESSE. London: Saunders and Otley. 1851.

THE class of books to which *Le Morvan* belongs, partly descriptive of nature and partly of the sports of the woods and streams, has hitherto been chiefly confined to our language, which boasts some masterpieces, as fine in their way as LANDSEER'S *Dogs* and GAINSBOROUGH'S *Rustic Scenes*. Indeed, were we asked by a foreigner to point out the branch of our literature most characteristic of our nationality and the idiom of our language, it would be this one, wherein the Saxon elements of our tongue predominate so largely; and in which men of the purest lives and finest hearts have spoken out their joy in nature with the simple, unaffected grace of WORDSWORTH, and painted its sylvan glory with unparalleled truth and power. We need but mention WALTON and COTTON'S *Angler*, GILPIN'S *Forest Scenery*, BEWICK'S *Birds*, WHITE'S *Natural History of Selborne*, Sir HUMPHREY DAVY'S *Salmonia*, SCROPE'S *Art of Deer Stalking, and Nights and Days of Salmon Fishing*; and more lately, the exquisite Sketches of SYLVANUS, amongst many others, to show the truth of our honest pride. WALTON'S *Angler* will never be obsolete, though many a generation yet to come may laugh over its green old-fashioned Sover-art, the *Salmonia*—exquisite commingling of nature and philosophy—will be read when the DAVY lamp has been superseded by new inventions, and the Sketches of SYLVANUS will long spread out their lovely pictures of sylvan lanes, of russet heaths, and the beaded incense of the morning dew. As it should be, when men speak from their hearts of what is God's!

Whilst, therefore, we heartily hail *Le Morvan* as an accession from a new and most desirable source to this delightful branch of literature, we think that Captain JESSE might have done more for the book—considering that simplicity adorns nature—had he sobered down a few of the exclamatives, and suffered less tinsel of words to appear. To dress CORYDON in HARLEQUIN'S attire is not a thing in keeping with the russet of the woods and fields; and if the choice were his own, sound judgment should have seen that a plainer garb would have better fitted English taste. Hyperbole and bad similes neither speak the voice of poetry, nor illustrate nature, let the genius of a tongue be what it may; and Captain JESSE should have seen to this in the translation let *l'ancien officier de dragons* been as Frenchly enthusiastic as he pleased. "Doves of the morning, women sweetly pretty, amiable and adorable, supple as the willow, fresh as new-opened tulips, brisk and gay as golden-speckled trout," and much more of it, is sad nonsense. Silly inflation, mistaken for poetry. M. DE CRIGNELLE may write thus the language of RACINE and CORNEILLE, but Captain JESSE should have pruned the exuberance.

Allowing for this, and one or two stories which are a little too much in the style of MM. DUMAS and SCUL for our taste, the lover of nature and the picturesque, the sportsman, the angler, and the artist, will find much to delight them in this book, for it will enable them to know more of beautiful France, not France in Paris or on her high roads, but France in the orchards of La belle Normandie, in the geological region of the Puy de Dome, in the bocages and the vines of Burgundy and Champagne, and in the forests of Le Morvan. A nobler

knowledge of man and nature, as diversified by God, is the new likeness nationality has to take; and we do not approximate yet, even in idea, to the mighty growth of good therefrom.

Le Morvan lies in central France, and comprises a portion of the departments of the Nièvre and the Yonne, lying between vine-clad Burgundy and the Nivernois, and though comparatively unknown, is almost touched upon in a journey to Geneva or Lyons. It is a country of forests; and these constitute its chief wealth; for each year thousands of trees are felled, and drifted by the waters of the Seine to Paris. It is estimated that these forests of the Nièvre cover 200,000 acres; and though not so extensive as those of the Yonne, they are wilder, and amongst the largest tracts of forest land in France. The trees are chiefly oak, maple, and beech. The population scattered over these wild districts are described as a peaceful, kind-hearted race, amongst whom, as the *rara avis*, shine the curés. They are as jolly and rotund as one of Sir Walter Scott's abbots, and as fond of good living as INGOLDSBY'S canon. Here we have them sketched:

To all keen sportsmen, therefore, who love good eating and wine, and intend to pay a visit to Le Morvan, I would give this piece of advice, and I would say to them, place it in the secret drawer of your memory; nay, carry it written, and, if necessary, painted on your knapsack or scratched upon your gun—fail not to make the acquaintance of the curé the darling curés. Ask who are they that love the best *cuisine*—who dote upon the most delicious morsels—who will have the oldest, purest, and most generous wines?—you will be answered, the curés. For whom are destined the largest trout, the fattest capons, and the best parts of the venison?—for whom the softest and most choice liqueurs, wine of the best *bouquet*, the largest truffles, the most luscious honey, the best vegetables, and finest fruits?—for the curés. And the most clever men-cooks, the happiest receipts, and latest culinary inventions—for whom are they? the answer is always, for *messieurs les curés*. Forget them not, therefore, for they are really worth remembering; besides, they have excellent hearts and are capital fellows, boon companions, full of *bonhomie* and good-nature: in fact, such curés it is impossible to find anywhere else. But the great Architect of the universe has said, nothing is perfect—everything human has its weak point. Well, it cannot be helped, and it must be told, the curés of Le Morvan have their weak points; trifles, to be sure—mere bagatelles—but still they have them. They are rather too fond of old wine and good cheer. These two charming little defects excepted,—you have in the Morvinian curé goodness double distilled, and the essence of generosity, and, be it said, abnegation. This love of the bottle they imbibe from their dear colleagues of Burgundy; for it is well known, and has never been disputed, that the Burgundian curés are the greatest exterminators, uncorkers, and emptiers of wine-bottles in all Christendom. The first thing these jovial clergymen think of when they open their eyes in the morning, is an invocation to Bacchus, somewhat in the following strain: "O Bacchus! son of Semele, divine wine-presser! O vineyards! full of the purple grape! O wine-press! inestimable machine!" &c. Their second movement is to extend the right arm, and clasp within their digits a flask of old Pouilli, the contents of which they swallow without once stopping to take breath. "An infallible remedy," say they, "against the devil and all future indigestions."

Fortified thus with their first orison, they throw on their cassock, and descend to the cellar, to count the bottles, or tap and taste the barrels of some doubtful vintage. The thorough-bred Burgundian curé, particularly one who has lived and got old and fat in the solitude of a retired presbytery,—whose rubicund nose reveals his admiration for the vineyards of his native province, and whose three chins tell you that with pullets, and venison, and clouted cream, he had lined his scrip,—is certainly one of the most jovial and best of men.

But all the curés are not of this unctuous sort. Their *confrères* who reside in the uplands, amongst the arid and volcanic mountains without roads, and the thickly timbered hill-district, which joins the Nivernois, are poor enough. With them, to live seems an enigma—and to feast! Heaven help them! When such is the need, their native wit, or rather their cook's wit, seems to exceed that of CALIBALDERSTONE. Let the reader enjoy the following *morceau*, and then say, if poverty, in order to feast, ever hit, in the whole annals of Mrs. GLASSE, on a finer expedient. TRULLIBER'S pig is nothing to it; and if ever one of the genus *porcus* be canonized, this should be it, in reward for long suffering.

One of them thus exiled to a most deserted part of

our forests, and who, the whole year, except on a few rare occasions, lived only on fruit and vegetables, hit upon a most admirable expedient for providing an animal repast to set before the curés of the neighbourhood, when one or the other, two or three times during the year, ventured into these dreadful solitudes, with a view of assuring himself with his own eyes that his unfortunate colleague had not yet died of hunger. The curé in question possessed a pig, his whole fortune: and you will see, gentle reader, the manner in which he used it. Immediately the bell of his presbytery announced a visitor (the bell was red with rust, and its iron tongue never spoke unless to announce a formal visit), and that his cook had shown his clerical friend into the parlour, the master of the house, drawing himself up majestically, said to his housekeeper (curés fortunately always have consins, nieces, or housekeepers), as Louis XIV. might have said to Vatal, "Brigitte, let there be a good dinner for myself and my friend." Brigitte, although she knew there were only stale crusts and dried peas in her larder, seemed in no degree embarrassed by this order; she summoned to her assistance "Toby, the Carrot," so called because his hair was as red as that of a native of West Galloway, and leaving the house together, they both went in search of the pig. This, after a short skirmish, was caught by Brigitte and her carrotty assistant; and, notwithstanding his cries, his grunts, his gestures of despair and supplication, the inhuman cook, seizing his head, opened a large vein in his throat, and relieved him of two pounds of blood; this, with the addition of garlic, shallots, mint, wild thyme and parsley, was converted into a most savoury and delicious black-pudding for the curé and his friend, and being served to their reverences smoking hot on the summit of a pyramid of yellow cabbage, figured admirably as a small Vesuvius and a centre dish. The surgical operation over, Brigitte, whose qualifications as a sempstress were superior, darned up the hole in the neck of the unfortunate animal, and he was then turned loose until a fresh supply of black-puddings should be required for a similar occasion. This wretched pig was never happy: how could he be so? Like Damocles of Syracuse, he lived in a state of perpetual fever; terror seized him directly he heard the curé's bell, and seeing in imagination the uplifted knife already about to glide into his bosom, he invariably took to his heels before Brigitte was half way to the door to answer it. If, as usual, the peal announced a dinner-out, Brigitte and Gold-button were soon on his track, calling him by the most tender epithets, and promising that he should have something nice for his supper, skim-milk, &c.; but the pig, with his painful experience, was not such a fool as to believe them; hidden behind an old eask, some faggots, or lying in a deep ditch, he remained silent as the grave, and kept himself close as long as possible. Discovered, however, he was sure to be at last, when he would rush into the garden, and, running up and down it like a mad creature, upset everything in his way; for several minutes it was a regular steeplechase—across the beds, now over the turnips, then through the gooseberry-bushes; in short, he was here, there, and everywhere; but in spite of all his various stratagems to escape the fatal incision, the poor pig always finished by being seized, tied, thrown on the ground, and bled: the vein was then once more cleverly sewn up, and the inhuman operators quietly retired from the scene to make the curé's far-famed black-pudding. Half dead upon the spot where he was phlebotomized, the wretched animal was left to reflect under the shade of a tulip-tree on the cruelty of man, on their barbarous appetites; cursing with all his heart the poverty of Morvinian curates, their concealed hospitality, of which he was the victim, and their brutal affection for pig's blood.

But the angler and the sportsman wait for us, and we must speak of the treasures of *Le Morvan*. Treasures indeed! let the angler but read these paragraphs, and then say, if bent on piscatory joys, he will not for once forego his favourite Tweed or Shannon, or even the exhaustless Fiords of Norway, for sylvan *Le Morvan* and its teeming water shed, though his spoken French be no better than that of CHAUCER'S abbe.

Le Morvan, intersected by numerous rivers, streams, and runs of water, in the liquid depths of which the various species of the fresh-water fishy-family are found from the powerful, swift, and travelled salmon, to the modest little gudgeon that stays quietly at home, is a country where the angler may live in a state of perpetual jubilee; the carp, the ce', and the pike attain an enormous size, particularly near the dams and flood-gates, where the depth of water is great, and in the *Gours* or water-courses which, diverging at several points on the stream, are constructed for supplying the flour and paper-mills with water. These *Gours* are perfect jewels in the eyes of our fishermen; on very great occasions, for instance, when the miller marries, or an infant miller makes his appearance, if the occur-

rence should happen during the summer season, the flood-gates of the *Gours* are opened, when the waters being let off to within a few inches of the bottom, the quantity of fish taken with the casting-net is enormous. In the large *Gour* of Akin, the longest, the deepest, and containing more fish than any on the Cure or the Cousin, which I mention as representing the ten or twelve second-rate rate rivers of Le Morvan, I have seen as much as four horse-loads of fish taken, though every fish taken under two pounds was thrown back. The average depth of water in these rivers is from three to four feet, except near the dams and flood-gates, where it is from twelve to thirteen. With rivers so well supplied, sport is invariably obtained; so that patience, a virtue generally considered absolutely necessary in the angler, is scarcely required here, and fishing is actually a pastime of the *beau sexe*. Near the forests and the hills the rivers are much more shallow, more clear and limpid, and flow, dance, and bubble over a gravelly bottom or golden sands. In these the voracious trout abounds; he may be seen allowing himself to be lazily rocked by the eddy, by the twirling current, or reposing under the shadow of the large rocks, which, detached from the adjacent mountains, have fallen into the river, and been arrested in their course; here he waits for the delicious May-fly, and the fisherman's basket is soon filled—so soon that a celebrated doctor in our neighbourhood, whose house is situated near one of these streams, used to send his servant every morning to take a fresh dish for his breakfast. The largest and the best trout are found near Chatelux, in the heart of the Morvan,—an old *château*, on the summit of a high rock, ornamented with towers and turrets, and surrounded by thick and solitary woods, in itself a lion worth seeing.

After some curious information respecting the woodcock, which is not migratory as in other European countries, and which seems to pass its life in one continuous self-preparation for the spite of the Morvinian curés and the *restaurateurs* of Paris, we come to the most exciting theme of the book, the wolves. These infest the great forests of the Nivernois in immense numbers, and alike dreaded and hated by the sylvan population, are hunted down or entrapped by every device which fear and skill can suggest. And need there is for this, for when the snows of winter and a scarcity of food make them skulk from the fastnesses of the forests and hills, they are formidable even to man himself. Many are the horrible stories told of their ferocity and cunning at such seasons, for it is notorious that the wolf of southern Europe is more ferocious than those of other countries. Even the wolf of Norway—if we recollect Mr. LAING aright—is less formidable than the wolf of the Pyrenees and central France. This is, perhaps, owing to a less abundant supply of food, than in the Fields of Norway. "For," says M. DE CRIGNELLE, "when night has set in, the wolf seeks the open country, approaches the farms, attacks the sheepfolds, scratches his way under the doors, and entering wild with rage, puts everything to death—for, to his infernal spirit, destruction is as great a pleasure as the satisfaction of his hunger." "When the dogs growl in an under tone, when they are restless and agitated, and snuff the wind as it drives in eddies through the shutters, 'The wolf is abroad,' says the peasant." Does not this read like some terrible old ballad of ages gone?

Captain JESSE evidently supplies M. DE CRIGNELLE's book with the historic data respecting the extirpation of the wolf in England; but we beg leave to differ with him and others on this point. From some antiquarian knowledge we possess, we have reason to believe that the stock truism of children's historical catechisms and modern histories as to the disappearance of the wolf in England in the reign of EDWARD I. is not correct. It existed long after that date in the great woodland fastnesses of the Silurian counties, particularly those which formed and bordered the jurisdictional territory of the Lord Marchers of Wales. But this, as many other analogous statements, will be cleared up by and by when national history shall be founded on local history, and is thus no longer fiction but truth. As *The Examiner* well said, three weeks since, in speaking of the Public Records, "When the guess work, the mere romance writing which we have been too long accustomed to suppose to be history will be without excuse."

Let not the reader be scared by the boars and wolves from *Le Morvan*, either as a book or a country. In the first, he has the description of the *Fête Dieu*, the *fête des Roses*, and the *vendange*, with its purple riches to recompense him for the gloom of the woods and their wild denizens; and if he can buy it, let him put it on his shelves between *The Salmonia* and *The Forest Scenery*.



For, though it lacks the simple beauty and philosophy of these books, it speaks of nature. Let him do more if he can: let him see Le Morvan itself,—its curés, its rustic people—its sylvan wildness such as

Savage Rosa dash'd, and learned Pousleyn drew.

Whether sportsman or artist, or simply traveller, he will see a new phase of humanity: near home and amongst a people who nationally have much to learn of us, and we of them.

*Home Truths for Home Peace; or, "Muddle" defeated, addressed especially to Young Housewives.* By M. B. H. London: Wilson. 1851.

THIS is a neat little volume, the vocation of which is not to take an ambitious stand on the pinnacles of literature, but in a chatty and pleasant manner to give cautious advice and economic lessons to young housewives. Its motto might have been—and we recommend it to the authoress for her next edition, unless she is afraid that her fair readers will be frightened by Latin, *Celebrare domestica facta*. But in truth we must not rank her too low, or at all suppose that household work is all that she is capable of, for she rises almost to a strain of true female eloquence in describing how "Muddle," which it is her mission to defeat in one sphere of human existence, viz., in-door, is in sad fact obtaining and prevailing everywhere. Rapidly and sarcastically she demands, "Is not commerce in a muddle? Is not agriculture in a muddle? Are not Church and State in a muddle? Are not the poor in a muddle? Are not the rich in a muddle? Are not the laws in a muddle? Are we not all in a muddle? At least as far as any woman can make out what any man can mean when he talks politics, every body says we are in a dreadful muddle, whilst no body sees how anybody is to get out. And, alas! to look beyond the precincts of our sea-girt isle, is not our neighbour France in a continual muddle? and our neighbour's neighbour throughout continental Europe, is not muddle increasing among them? or, farther and farther still, is there any state or country that is not in a muddle?"

It is true, too true, more's the pity for the wearisome condition of humanity. Fair interrogator and orator, we give in; we do not attempt to argue the point with you for a moment; but with feelings of much, though perhaps selfish, gratitude for your suggestive chapter on "Gentlemen's Rooms," we will with all our heart commend your nice little book to all ladies married or engaged, charging their several husbands or lovers to present it to them, either as a proper reward, or as a warning caution, with all convenient speed, as they value our approbation.

*The Holy Bible; printed Phonetically.* London: Pitman.

MR. PITMAN is an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm has gained for him a considerable body of disciples. There is also some truth in his scheme, or it would not have found even the partial success it has enjoyed. If the world could be brought to change its present somewhat irrational method of spelling, and agree to always spell as it speaks, the advantages would be incalculable. But of that we despair, notwithstanding the apparent progress made by Mr. Pitman. Seeing with what obstinacy men adhere to old habits in all that concerns the ordinary affairs of life, how they will still pay and be paid in the value of extinct coins, and reckon by weights and measures that are obsolete and illegal, we see no hope of inducing them to change the entire style of spelling and printing. Mr. PITMAN, however, has proved in this edition of the Holy Bible, printed in phonetic character, how great would be the curtailment of space were it to be adopted in printing, and the other benefit is, that any person of any country would be able to read; that is, properly to pronounce any language at sight, if written in the phonetic character. Thus this Bible might be read aloud correctly by a master of the phonetic art belonging to any nation in the world, even though ignorant of the meaning of a single word that he is reading. To those who have learned Mr. PITMAN's characters to use them as the best system of short-hand yet invented, this Bible will be very acceptable.

*The Law and Practice of Registration and of Elections with full instructions to Agents for the Management of Registration and of an Election, both in Boroughs and Counties.* By EDWARD W. COX, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Sixth Edition. London: Crookford.

A SIXTH Edition is the best recommendation a book can have. It will suffice to say of this, which has attained to that honour, that it is a complete manual of registration and elections, indispensable to all who take an interest in them, whether as Candidates, Agents, or Attorneys, or even as Electors, for it is as intelligible

to the public as to the profession. This new edition comprises all the cases that have been decided and all the new statutes that have passed from the Reform Act to the present time, very conveniently and systematically arranged under the divisions, of 1st, The Registration. 2nd, The Franchise. 3rd, The Revision. 4th, The Election. In addition to this are two novel and valuable chapters of Instructions to Agents for the management of Registration and of an Election, giving full particulars of the books to be kept and the arrangements to be adopted, with an engraved plan of a polling booth, and a vast amount of practical instruction not to be found in any other work on the same subject. As an election will take place early in the Spring, the publication of this new and improved edition of a work which has been five times before tried and approved is timely.

*The Practical Statutes of the Session of 1851. With Introductions, Notes, and a Copious Index.* By WILLIAM PATERSON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Law Times Office.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the ponderous volume of new laws which every session produces, consists of statutes that relate exclusively to Ireland, or Scotland, or the Colonies, or they are repetitions of annual acts, such as the Mutiny and Indemnity Acts. Nevertheless the English magistrate and lawyer is obliged to purchase the whole and tax his pocket and burden his book shelf with a mass of matter entirely useless to him and only impeding research. This suggested the excellent scheme of the present volume, which contains all the practical English statutes—all that the magistrate and the lawyer can ever require, printed in a small pocket volume, so as to be easily carried to court, and its utility and value are further increased by explanatory notes to each statute, and by a very copious index to the whole, much more copious, indeed, than that of the other editions. This compression is effected by the exclusion of all the Irish, Scotch, and Colonial statutes, and thus not only is there a saving of bulk and weight, but a considerable saving of cost. This is the second year of the work, and we are not surprised to learn that it has found a cordial reception from the magistracy and the profession, and that all who desire to possess the new laws in the most convenient and cheapest form have possessed themselves of this edition of them.

It is intended to publish, in like manner, the statutes of former sessions, proceeding backwards year by year from 1850, when the series commenced, and omitting all repealed statutes, so as to present the law as it is.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE: Thiers' new volume of the "*History of the Consulate and the Empire*"—Its superiority to his "*History of the Revolution*"—The period which it embraces—Eugène Sue's new novel: "*Acacia*"—Sketch of the story—Promise of a new novel by Janin, and an autobiography by George Sand—*History of the Roman Bar*, by Grellet Dumazeau—New "*Dictionary of Political Economy*"—Leon Faucher, the Minister of the Interior, among the contributors—Faucher in Lancashire. GERMANY: Collection of the King of Prussia's Public Acts—His patronage of literature, &c.—Hase's Lectures—Goethe and Schiller's Xenia—Kohl's "newest" book: "*Dalmatia*"—Oriental Literature in Germany—Behner's "*Forty Viziers*"—Turks and Turkish. AMERICA: Sherborne's "*Life of Paul Jones*," and utility of such a work—New "*Life of John Adams*," the second President of the United States—Mrs. Lee's promised "*Tales*"—Ware's "*European Capitals*"—Fenimore Cooper's health and forthcoming book.

M. THIERS, it would seem, has had a narrow escape from a death which would have been highly ridiculous. With the close of the session of the National Assembly, he had gone to recruit his strength and faculties in one of the watering-places of the Pyrenees, where his principal relaxation was to take geological excursions among the surrounding hills. He chose to dress himself, moreover, in a suit of complete nankeen, and while sauntering, in this costume one day lately, over the rocks, was mistaken by a party of sportsmen for a—chamois! They fired; the report of their guns and the whizz of the bullets luckily warned the statesman, and by falling prostrate, he escaped. What would have been the results to France of a little less good fortune on the part of M. THIERS, it is not our province to speculate on; but in a literary point of view we should probably have had to lament the loss of the concluding portion of his *History of the Consulate and*

*the Empire*, of which the tenth volume is now before us in the original; while for the benefit of those who do not read French fluently, Mr. COLBURN is just publishing an English translation. We say, "to lament;" for it is an able and valuable book, much superior to his *History of the Revolution of 1789*; and if it has not solved what CARLYLE has called "our highest literary problem, a *Life of NAPOLEON*," it goes a good way towards that, and will be most useful to any enterprising person who may next take up the problem in question. When THIERS wrote his *History of the French Revolution*, he was a poor Journalist in a garret, unknown and uncared for, and whose experience had been restricted to the back-rooms of Booksellers and Editors. But he writes his present work with the lights acquired during a long and high career of official and public life. His position has given him access to all sorts of archives, and he has conversed with and questioned many of the most illustrious actors or spectators of the transactions which he describes. The present volume narrates a brief but a glorious portion of NAPOLEON's career, the first six months or so of the year 1809, from NAPOLEON's return to Paris from Spain to the battle of Wagram, one of the greatest fought in ancient or modern history. Thanks to THIERS, we are admitted behind the scenes, and know the most secret conversations held in Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna; while Austria was mustering up courage to declare war against France. We see clearly proved the anxiety of NAPOLEON on this particular occasion, with the Peninsular war on his hands, to preserve peace in the rest of Europe; and his diplomatic dealings with METTERNICH and ALEXANDER of Russia for this end are most lucidly described. Not less admirable is the picture of his vast preparations for war while struggling to preserve peace. And the memorable campaign of that year, which includes the masterly movements of Abensberg, the battles of Eckmühl, Ratisbon, Essling, Raab, Aspern, and Wagram, and which witnessed NAPOLEON, a single month after the breaking out of hostilities, in possession of Vienna,—are delineated with a clearness, force, and critical discrimination, which are creditable to a civilian like THIERS. Equally creditable to him is the absence of that vain-glorious boasting of which French historians of the Empire have been accused. Justice is dealt out to friend and foe, and the Austrian Archdukes, CHARLES and JOHN, come in for their share of praise, not less than LANNES and MASSENA.

EUGÈNE SUE, of *Mysteries of Paris* celebrity, and now what we should call one of the "Members for Paris," has wound up his series of novels on the *Seven Capital Sins* by one entitled "*Avarice*." Though full of absurdity, it is really a pretty and engaging little tale, so much so that we easily read it through at a sitting, without once being tempted to stop. MARIETTE, its heroine, is a model Parisian grisette, beautiful, virtuous, industrious, and tender, who sews all day to procure a scanty subsistence, in a squalid garret, for herself and a testy infirm old woman who had been kind to her when a little girl. But with all her virtues and graces, MARIETTE can neither write nor read, and when the story opens she is on her way to a "public writer," to hire him to write a letter to her lover, a young Parisian, absent on business in the country. She picks out a venerable old man (very naturally) for the purpose, who, of course, asks her the particulars of her affair, and betrays a singular emotion when he hears the lover's name. He seems, however, to write the letter which she dictates, and it is duly posted. When she gets home, she finds a letter from her lover, but she cannot read it; so back she goes to the same old man, who pretends that it is a renunciation of love on the part of the sweetheart. This, good reader, is an entire falsehood. For the old villain, of all men in the world, is the father of MARIETTE's lover, young LOUIS RICHARD; whom he has sent to Dreux to see an old friend of his, one RAMON, who is very rich, and whose daughter he wants LOUIS to marry. So not only does he pretend to MARIETTE that LOUIS's letter is that of a faithless lover, but he has sent off to LOUIS, as from MARIETTE, a letter bidding him never see her more. A very pretty perplexity for the two lovers! Which, however, is cleared up by a gay, dissipated, college-friend of LOUIS, one FLORESTAN DE SAINT HEREM, who is nephew and male heir, moreover, to old RAMON, of Dreux. Well! the lovers meet, and find out that they have been mutually deceived. But while they are making

up their quarrel, something terrible occurs. Old RAMON, with his daughter, has come up from Dreux to Versailles, on their way to Paris, and old RICHARD has gone to meet and convoy them; but there happens a tremendous "railway accident," and the three of them, as it would seem, are sent into the other world. Whereupon, FLORESTAN falls heir to the enormous and well-known wealth of RAMON, and LOUIS to the equally enormous but little-known wealth of his father, who turns out to have been a miser amassing incredible sums. The good young LOUIS marries his MARINETTE, but won't spend his fortune upon himself, devoting its yearly interest to all sorts of philanthropic schemes, endowing poor young maidens, building schools, &c., &c. Five years have come and gone; and the two heirs are spending their evenings most characteristically. LOUIS and his wife are giving away in marriage some poor and virtuous maidens in the church at Versailles, when who should turn up there but father RICHARD, who never was killed at all, but merely went lunatic with the accident, and has been in a mad-house ever since, from which he emerges to shed tears over his son's beneficence, and be cured of avarice for ever! That same night, FLORESTAN is giving the last of his balls (for he has run through all his money,) in his magnificent Parisian hotel, and, in his own eccentric way, he has invited all the workmen who took any part in its construction and decoration. Somehow or another, there sails in a lovely Russian Countess, incredibly rich, with a tiresome Russian Prince, to whom she is engaged but does not care about. She is struck with FLORESTAN's person, manners, and oddity, hears that the hotel is for sale, turns her back on the Russian Prince, and offers her hand and fortune to FLORESTAN, who, being a poor bachelor, at once accepts of both! And this is EUGENE SUE'S "Avarice."

A more solid novel (for there are great differences of solidity even in novels) is promised soon by JULES JANIN, the celebrated *Gauletonniste* of the *Débats*. It is to be entitled *Gaietés Cham-pêtres*, and is to chronicle the death of the old French monarchy and French civilization at the Revolution of 1789. JULES has printed the preface to it in the *Journal des Débats*, a characteristic piece full of quips and apologues, but cunningly stimulating rather than satisfying curiosity respecting the work itself. From other quarters we hear that JANIN has done his very best in it; that it is a work which he has had on the anvil for twenty years, and which is to be a gay and fantastic but pictorial and completed summary of French life in the eighteenth century. Another promise is from GEORGE SAND,—that of her "Confessions," probably produced by the recent death of her husband. By a certain class of readers it will be waited for, when once formally announced, with the utmost eagerness.

Graver than SUE'S, or JANIN'S, or GEORGE SAND'S, are other two new French productions either published or in course of publication. One is GRELLET DUMAZEAU'S *History of the Roman Bar*, the other a *Dictionary of Political Economy*, by "various hands," and under the editorship of CHARLES COQUELIN. GRELLET DUMAZEAU is a French provincial advocate at Riom, and has produced a work unique in its kind, to which almost every allusion or notice on the subject of the bar in the Roman writers has been made to contribute, and the fees of course are not forgotten. To the *Dictionary of Political Economy*, on the other hand, some of the chief contributors are to be FREDERICK BASTIAT, well-known in this country, MICHEL CHEVALIER, HORACE SAY, LOUIS REYBAUD, the clever author of *Jérôme Paturot*, and the present Minister of the Interior, LÉON FAUCHER. But a few years ago FAUCHER was a mere scribbler in the newspapers, and in the *Revue des deux Mondes*; and now he is Prime Minister of France! So little was this suspected when he was in England not many years ago, to make inquiries into the condition of our industrial population, that one of the foremost manufacturers of Lancashire (a Radical of course), to whom he had a letter of introduction, would scarcely show him his mill, and treated him with marked incivility!

From Germany, we have to announce the collected works of a Royal Author, no other than His Majesty FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. of Prussia, whose "Proclamations, Messages, Orders, &c., from the Berlin movement of the 6th of March, 1848, to the inauguration of the statue of FREDERICK the Great on the 31st of May, 1851," are now making their appearance. On

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., literary men will always look with a certain regard as the patron of HUMBOLDT, TIECK, SCHELLING, BUNSEN; and the fosterer of all that was and is promising in art, literature and science. From Jena and that neighbourhood, come HASE's three Lectures (in the best style of French academic prelection) on "New Prophets;" the types chosen being JOAN of Arc, SAVONAROLA, and the Munster Anabaptists. And COTTA has just published *Goethe and Schiller's Xenia War*, in which the retorts of the dunces, their foes, are given along with the attacks of the two great poets; the whole instructively illustrated by notes and the like. And whilst his last book is scarcely dry from the press, the assiduous traveller KOHL sends another and a slender one, upon "Dalmatia," the little-known district, upon which Sir GARDINER WILKINSON gave us a book about a year ago. *Dalmatia* is in KOHL's best manner, and we may perhaps hereafter notice it more fully.

In the cultivation of Oriental literature, the Germans keep, and have long kept, steadily in advance of us. Where can we point to a man like AUGUST SCHLEGEL, devoting so many years to the indefatigable prosecution of Sanscrit studies; where have we produced a translation of the *Shah-Namah*, like that by GORRES, not to speak of their BOPPS and LASSENS. What is WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Life of Mahomet* to WEIL'S? The most recent product of German industry in this department is BEHRAUER'S translation from the Turkish of *The Forty Viciars or Wise Masters*—tales, some of which are in *The Arabian Nights*. BEHRAUER is a scholar of the well-known Orientalist, FLEISCHER, who prefixes a preface, in which he complains, with German liveliness, that the old European hatred to Turks has been transmuted into a hatred to Turkish! Probably there are not two men in England who could have executed BEHRAUER'S feat.

The Americans transmit a second edition of SHERBORNE'S *Life of Paul Jones*, a dull, dry book, of merely documentary value. Yet a good life of this *enfant perdu* of American republicanism might be written, and one of its chief values would be to show distinctly the importance of the underhand aid given by LOUIS XVI. and his ministers to the revolt of our American colonies. A new life of one of the early heroes of the United States, JOHN ADAMS, has also just made its appearance. It is by a relation of the second of America's Presidents, and contains a good deal of lively reminiscence of the old times, from the worthy man's diaries and letters. Mrs. LEE, the biographer of JEAN PAUL RICHTER, and the translator of one of his novels, promises a new volume of tales. WARE'S *European Capitals*, which Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN announces here as the first number of his forthcoming "Library for the People," has been published in America, and seems a judicious and sensible book, without either the dash or the impertinence of Mr. N. P. WILLIS. COOPER, the famed novelist, intelligence of whose approaching decease was lately rife in the newspapers, is not nearly so ill, it seems, as he was said to be; and another work is announced from him as forthcoming, "The Men of Manhattan; or Social History of the City of New York," which, we understand, and as the title, indeed, indicates, is to be a narrative without being a fiction.

*La Russie considérée au point de vue Européen.* By J. B. OSTROWSKI. Paris: Se vend à la Librairie Polonoise. (*Russia considered in relation with Europe.*) London: Jeffs, Burlington Arcade. 1851.

THIS little work is the reprint of a series of articles lately published in one of the French conservative journals, written in reply to an announcement made by the Russian diplomatist, M. TASZCZEW, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to the effect that in Western Europe the systems supported by Catholicism and Protestantism already totter to their fall, while Providence has delegated to Russia and her handmaid, the Greek Church, the important task of renovating humanity.

M. OSTROWSKI calmly examines the basis of this monstrous assumption, and the aggressive principle which Russia openly professes, pointing out from historic sources the nature and character of that power which assumes to be the regenerator of the world. From Russian authorities solely he draws the material for a faithful sketch, containing, within very modest compass, much to suggest reflection. "We have," says M. OSTROWSKI, "judged Russia according to facts which she

does not disavow, and doctrines she herself proclaims." Nor can we dispute the assertion, when such names as KARAMZIN, the favoured Russian historian and courtly advocate of the Czars, and SPERANSKI, the patronised minister of the Emperor ALEXANDER, are advanced as evidence for every statement made.

In the manifesto of NICHOLAS, September 29, 1849, the following significant words occur as a text for future meditations, "L'Europe s'en va." The document promulgated through the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the Russian official is a commentary upon this text, an appeal to the devout enthusiasm of the whole Slavonian race, once more an eastern battle cry to the assault of Europe. Change a few words, and we have again the dogma of a pitiless fatality to inspire invading armies under the standard of ALLAH and his Prophet.

"The Greek Church," explains the Russian diplomatist, "aspires indeed to change the axis of the religious world, but she does so only because the axis of the political world is displaced." He proceeds to show that this true and primitive Church, which is now another name for Russia, has been the sole existence in the past, and must be sole mover in the future of Europe, that Catholicism and the Papacy was a revolt against her legitimate authority,—a "negation,"—yet retaining a portion of the truth by which it has been able to maintain alone the political system of the west, now crumbling as the Papal force decays; Protestantism is the "German negation," revolt against revolt, fatal consequence of the negation of Rome. The movement called reform in the sixteenth century proved abortive, because, instead of returning from Rome into the bosom of the true Church, LUTHER proclaimed a barren independence, inefficient to produce any good result. At length, therefore, the Greek Church, sustained by the power of the CZAR, the embodiment of spiritual and political authority, whose infallible sovereignty she honours, and whose will she desires to exalt and to obey, places her foot upon the neck of fallen foes, and summons the faithful to take possession of a ruined world. The cycle of revolt has passed before the dawn of a new creation, in which the eternal forces, renovated, resume their appropriate stations. Thus sublimely, Russia declares the holy war against present empires and existing institutions.

All this might be amusing as a fairy tale, were there not in the Russian intellect a certain aptitude for turning fairy tales into reality: unlike the wretched wight of legends, whose fancied coin, received from elvish hands, shrunk into withered leaves upon his disappointed palm. The Russian "good people" scatter withered leaves, which, by their touch, are transmuted into solid metal. Russia keeps in view a steady aim of aggrandizement, advancing with cautious steps where caution is required, but with a lion's leap when boldness gives assurance of success. The grandson of CATHERINE, the brother of ALEXANDER, capable and calculating, fit representative of the hereditary policy, is also a representative of the nation. But the CZAR is not Russia: the strength of forty-four millions, inspired by a national ambition signally capable of making the greatest sacrifices, would not fail or swerve in carrying on the design, even should some popular commotion crush the throne and the despotism of the CZARS to-morrow. After LOUIS XIV.—NAPOLEON.

In this spirit M. TASZCZEW writes:—

The foreboding of a thousand years is no deception. Russia, the abode of faith, will not want faith at the important moment. She will not be terrified at the grandeur of her destiny. The powers of the West decay; all its institutions crumble ready to be swept away in the general destruction: civilization commits suicide, and when, rising over the vast shipwreck, we see this vaster empire span the horizon like a holy arch, who can longer doubt the reality of her mission?

Thus—continues the author of the reply,—

The European world is judged and condemned. The pretensions of Russia are significant, for powerful political parties in Europe support and justify them. On this side the Rhine, Russia can boast devoted, disinterested, and passionate allies: her claim to regenerate humanity finds advocates in Germany and France, and it is vain to suppose her actual preponderance has no foundation.

The writer proceeds to analyze the claims to superiority upon which Russia reposes her right of succession to the dominion of Europe, and the absurdity of her famous pretension as head of the



Slavonian race, when, in reality, her institutions, government, and national character have long ceased to bear any resemblance to the original Slavonian type.

Russia believes the mission has devolved upon her to re-unite and rule the scattered members of the Slavonian race; for that purpose she appeals to their religious enthusiasm, professing to be sole conservator of the Christian tradition. Yet modern Russia is the antipodes to every characteristic of the family whose headship she affects to claim. Karamzin, well known for his historic talent, and attachment to the government of his country, acknowledges the record of a happier time. He dates this period in 1054, when the Slavonian element prevailed, and the traces of the Norman invasion had disappeared, yet before religious disputes originated a new cause of bitterness. Then, Karamzin informs us, the civil and military chiefs were elected, not by the prince, but by the people.

Liberty was universally enjoyed previous to the Mongol invasion in 1240; the republics of Nowogrod, Pekow, and Potock, were strong and flourishing, but the Mongol conquest operated a total change. The Mongol spirit animated the new Moscow, and became incarnate in the Grand-Dukes, so that, when the conquerors retired, their system of government survived. M. OSTROWSKI quotes the textual words of the Russian historian:

The Muscovite Princes, after having suppressed all that yet remained of ancient freedom, founded a true autocratical government,—the internal constitution of the state was overturned, the liberties which had existed, the foundation of ancient civil and political rights were destroyed. \* \* \* There remained no legal power of opposition, absolutism was developed." Tourgeniew also states, "When the country was freed from the Tartar yoke, there still lingered some vestiges of the old political institutions, which are now completely effaced." The autocracy of Russia, so far from being able to boast a Slavonian origin, was the destroyer of those few Slavonian institutions which had been respected under the more equitable and milder dominion of the Mongols. "We Russians," said Karamzin, "have no nationality, we are cosmopolites." This author, whose work we have frequently adverted to, gave in his own person example of the strange anomalies which constitute the Russian character. He admired Robespierre; shed tears of joy over the corpse of the unfortunate Paul the First; he appeared to find in the idea of murder something touching and sublime; opposed the emancipation of the Muscovite peasants, and disapproved of any attempt at political reform; he blamed the weakness of the Czar in seeming to meditate the re-establishment of Poland, and counselled the violent or gradual extermination of that unfortunate nation. "I am," he said, "Republican at heart, but Russia must be great—must be feared—and the autocracy alone can make her so." Yet he admits, when speaking of the Tartar rule, from whence the modern autocracy sprung, "Governed like vile slaves, we learnt the base arts practised in slavery. From deceiving the Tartars we deceived ourselves; eager for gain, and less sensible to insult and to shame, we fell into a state of moral degradation. Perhaps the character of the nation retains still the marks impressed upon it by the barbarity of the conqueror."

Neither Peter the First, nor Catherine the Second, nor Alexander, nor Nicholas, have raised from its abasement the Russian character. Can it be with a view to moralise, or to enlighten a people, that the government interdicts the higher order of education to the peasants and trading classes, seeks to close the Universities against the nobles themselves, places the bastinado amongst the most efficacious means of instruction, and commands, through the catechisms taught in schools, that equal worship should be paid to God and to the Czar?

The distinguishing tenet of communism, that all property should be vested in the State, is, practically, law in Russia.

Under the reign of Nicholas, and by permission of the Imperial censure, M. Balharin affirmed that the Russian language has two auxiliary verbs, "To lie," and "To steal," a correct definition of Russian diplomacy. In external and internal affairs no rights are recognised. It is the maxim, "Policy does not recognise ancient titles," and Russia seized with impunity the Polish, Swedish, and Ottoman possessions, simply because she had the will and the power. The same logic, rigidly applied, strikes at the principle of individual property; and the dreaded communism of the west is a domesticated idea in Russia. Speranski, the minister of the Czars, Alexander and Nicholas, expressly declares, "The right of property exists only by toleration of the superior power, and proprietors are no more than occupiers." The circumstance that com-

munist is thus exalted into a state law has enlisted upon the side of the Russian government the sympathy of many of the disciples of the socialist schools—for example, M. Emile Barrault, one of their most profound thinkers, has formally pronounced in favour of Russia. The Czar is the sole, real and universal proprietor; he is the living law, and the right of independent proprietors is no where admitted in Muscovite legislation. The crown possesses twenty-two millions of slaves, one-third of the whole population of the empire—slaves in the absolute sense of the word. The same unlimited power over their peasants is granted to the nobles, but the Russian nobility who luxuriate ostentatiously at Paris are still slaves in all their relations with the Emperor. At one period, government conceived the project of progressively absorbing the individual properties, either by confiscation or purchase, but this extensive appropriation was arrested by the discovery that the Czar would speedily become sole proprietor in fact, as he is already in right.

It is literally true that the Muscovite nobility possess neither privileges nor rights; the Czar accords and can recall them; a truth which he officially proclaimed to the nobility of the government of Nowogrod. A noble may be subjected to the knout, nor are the judges themselves exempt. As a science, legislation does not exist—all is arbitrary and infinitely variable. Nicholas, desiring to introduce some order into this confusion, published a code composed of several volumes, whose number is augmented every year; but these codes are simply a collection of ukases emanating from the imperial authority.

We quote from M. Turgenev, the following remarks upon the tribunals of his native country: "Ignorance and venality constitute the character of a Russian judge: publicity is not allowed even in a civil process, and the right of defence is not admitted. Sentence is pronounced without seeing or hearing the accused, and torture employed, with all the inventions of cruelty. In every criminal process the most violent means are used to extort from the prisoner such a confession as the tribunals require; but it is absurd to suppose the independence of Russian tribunals—half the accused are innocent. A chaos of venality and arbitrary rule is decorated in Russia with the name of justice: prisoners have been detained for twenty or thirty years, and, at the end, neither the victims nor the tribunals have known upon what charge.

"In crimes of high treason, the Czar names a commission of inquiry, reserving to himself the power of giving the definitive verdict. The commission proposes, and the Emperor pronounces, the condemnation or acquittal. 'Sire,' said an ambassador to the Czar Paul the First, 'so many of the great surround you.' 'Know, sir,' he replied, 'there are none great near me, except those to whom I speak, and while I speak.'

"There is a Russian proverb to the effect that every thing belongs to God and to the Czar, and another equally significant: 'The noble flays the peasant, the Czar flays the noble, and Satan flays the Czar.'

It is difficult to select passages from a plain statement of facts and line of argument so linked together that in separating them the chain is broken. The book repays perusal both for the sake of the information it contains and the talent and thought of which it bears the impression. We conclude with an extract showing how the iron logic of the law or lawlessness of this strange Government—the State all, the individual nothing—grinds into a terrible equality, and crushes alike the peasant and the prince.

As numerous as the reigns in Russia have been the revolutions, regicides, and general proscriptions. Peter the First condemned to death his own son, and his daughters mounted the throne over the corpses of the slain. Catherine the Second planned the assassination of her husband, and during a dinner, and with a seductive smile, announced the accomplishment of that crime. The death of Alexander is still wrapped in mystery, and the sudden and opportune end of the Empress Elizabeth, of the Grand Duke Constantine and his Polish wife, and of the Marshal Dybitch, are full of suspicion. In Russia, where nothing is settled, nothing defined or established, there is no fixed rule of succession to the sovereign power. Speranski affirms, "There is no law to regulate the hereditary succession to the throne." "What advantage to us would be a constitution?" said the Princess Lapuchine to M. Ladislav Ostrowski in 1814, "we have the bowstring." And this lady, who quietly spoke of adjusting the bowstring to the Emperor's neck, was no other than the mistress of the reigning Czar, Alexander.

Russia falsely proclaims herself to be the country of order: the disturbances in 1825 and 1832, the revolts of the military colonies, too frequently renewed, scarcely prove that authority in Russia is the object of religious respect. Outbursts of frightful vengeance succeed without interruption; at least forty nobles are annually

the victims of assassination; acts of incendiarism are no longer numbered. Tourgeniew states that for two years three provinces were ravaged by incendiaries and affrighted by murders: the ministers of justice decimated the population, and the other parts of the empire knew only that crimes had been committed, and had been followed by a sanguinary repression.

## MUSIC.

*Come Buy Oranges.* Composed by D. F. E. AUER. London: Purday, St. Paul's Churchyard.

WE feel little responsibility in the criticism of this canzonetta since the opinion of the public is so flattering to the composer. The opera of *Zerline ou La Corbeille D'Oranges*, in which the original version appeared, received an additional charm from the grace and simplicity with which Mdlle. Alboni rendered this little air. The title page is embellished with a singularly accurate likeness of that distinguished artist, and as a production of truth and art is well worth the trifle demanded for the whole piece.

*Britannia, the Gem of the Ocean.* Written and composed by D. T. SHAW. London: Purday, St. Paul's Churchyard.

THIS is essentially a national song; the words are well written and possess an energy which only a national subject can excite. Mr. SHAW has shown great judgment in adapting them, the air being simple, well marked, and powerfully expressive of the sentiment. We anticipate the *Gem of the Ocean* will be widely patronised.

*'Tis hard to give the Hand where the Heart can never be.* Written by CHARLES JEFFREYS; composed by CHARLES W. GLOVER. Brewer and Co., 50, Bishopsgate-street Within.

ONE of the principal objects of music is the communication of pleasure, and in proportion to the skill and fertility of the composer's mind, so are his labours appreciated and the general satisfaction of society increased. Mr. GLOVER is seldom unsuccessful in his adaptations, and the ballad before us is but another evidence of the composer's ability. The words are well written, and adorned with simplicity and truth.

*The Lament of the Daughters of Sion.* Composed by W. WEST.

WE can recommend this sacred composition with confidence to our musical friends. The words are powerfully written, and vividly portray the regrets and sorrows of the daughters of Sion when their harps were hushed by the waters of Babylon. The music is simple and expressive, and softens into harmony the sound of complaint.

## Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

THE *Constitutionnel* of Paris speaks in the highest praise of a prodigy whose name is Paladilhe,—the very young son of a physician at Montpellier, and whose power and precocity in music are said to be almost without precedent save in the case of Mozart. Mdlle. Rachel has concluded her engagement at Vienna and is said to be gone to Pesth, where she will appear in her principal characters.—The first performances out of London of the amateur actors playing for the Guild of Literature and Art are fixed, for November the 10th and November the 12th, at Bath and Bristol. —A deputation from the Law Courts Committee of Liverpool paid an early visit to the Exhibition on Monday morning, in order to hear the powers of the various English organs erected in the building. The object of this visit was to decide upon a builder for the great organ intended to be erected in St. George's-hall, Liverpool. The deputation was attended by Dr. S. S. Wesley, Dr. Walmisley, and Mr. W. T. Best, eminent members of the musical profession, whose services were called into requisition upon this occasion.—The son of a Turkish Ambassador at Berlin, Prince Karadja, has composed a piece of music, in valse measure, entitled *Reveries of the Tobacco-pipe*, which was last week performed by the orchestra in Kroll's Summer Gardens. The younger members of the Diplomatic corps attended to increase the applause. The manuscript has been purchased by a music publisher in Berlin.—The privilege of the Teatro d'Oriente at Madrid having been offered for several weeks to public competition, without any acceptable offer being made for its purchase, her Majesty has taken it on her own account, and named M. Temistocle Solera the director.

## ART JOURNAL.

## DECORATIVE ART UNION.

SOME of our older readers will remember that in the autumn of 1847 we put forth a plan for the establishment of a Decorative Art Union, that is to say, a Society similar in its construction to the Art Union, but distributing, instead of pictures, objects of decorative art, as richly decorated furniture which might be useful as well as ornamental, and serve also the important public purpose of promoting Decorative Art in England, and thus advancing our manufactures in the only particular in which they are wanting to perfection. The plan was very well received, and a great number of members were gathered together, when the revolutions of 1848 came to engross the public mind, and the scheme was abandoned. But the Great Exhibition has created a new taste for Decorative Art. We shall not be contented now with tasteless articles of furniture in our household. We shall require that everything about us shall be pleasing to the eye as well as fitted for its uses. The time, therefore, appears to be peculiarly adapted for reviving a proposition which had been before so cordially welcomed.

We briefly repeat the plan. The *Decorative Art Union* will consist of an indefinite number of Members, subscribing either half-a-guinea or a guinea. The proceeds to be applied to the purchase of objects of Decorative Art of various values to be distributed as prizes. The designs to be original. Of plastic works a limited number only to be taken and then the mould to be destroyed, so that the possessor may not, as with the engravings of the Art Union, see them in every house. A prize of some original object of Decorative Art to be given to every member, and it is estimated that by means of the combination the saleable value, although not the cost to the society, of the article so given, will at least equal the amount of the subscription, with the further chances of procuring one of the larger prizes, which will vary in value from 100*l.* to 5*l.*, and comprise every kind of Decorative Furniture, as Pianos, Cabinets, Inlaid Tables, Candelabras, Sofas, Ornamental Chairs, &c., &c., such as will be really useful additions to a drawing-room. To secure original works and promote the study of Decorative Art, it is proposed that prizes be offered for the best designs, to be publicly exhibited, and that, before the distribution, all the objects to be divided among the members shall be open to public inspection, thus advancing effectually the interests of that very important branch of our manufactures. Subscribers of half-a-guinea to have one class of objects distributed: subscribers of a guinea another and more valuable class, and the latter to have two chances in the drawing for the prizes.

There ought to be no difficulty in obtaining for this Society, so much more attractive and useful, at least as many members as belong to the Art Union. Five hundred members would suffice for a commencement. This would supply a very large number of prizes, and when once the plan is in operation and the desirable objects to be gained by it are seen, there can be no doubt of its rapid extension.

Although we have not leisure personally to undertake its formation, we shall give to it all the help we can, through the medium of THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL. Until a Committee can be formed, we will receive the names of Members at our office, and we ask those who approve of it, and are willing to assist it, to forward their names, and we ask also of persons resident in London, who have sufficient leisure, and who are willing to join the Committee here, so to intimate. Local members of the Committee will be a useful addition, and every large town should have one or two, by whom the interests of the Society may be forwarded in the district.

We shall report progress from time to time.

## EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS.

Gallery of the Old Water Colour Society, 5 Pall Mall, East.

THIS is the second season of this exhibition, and both in character and quality superior to the former. The visitor will find the original sketches for many well-known pictures by ARMITAGE, PICKERSGILL, STANFIELD, CROSS, FRITH, HOOK, DAVID ROBERTS, E. M. WARD, and WEBSTER.

No. 2. H. J. BODDINGTON. *Spring* has all the sharp qualities and bright colour so delightful in this

artist's works; the sky seems to us rather dead however, and the foreground over hot.

Nos. 11, 16, by W. CAVE THOMAS, *A Study for a larger Picture*. (Mark 13, 34) and *The Fruit Bearer*, both fearfully infected with an architectural character and Germanism. The former has some good design in the single figures, but is too evident a reproduction of the later manner of RAFFAELLE; the latter might serve for a Caryatide, and looks like an iron casting, its rigidity is so remarkable.

No. 14. *Spring Flowers*. J. T. PITTAR. An easy and free sketch of a child seated, with flowers in her lap; a good quality of light over the whole; the expression feeling and thoughtful. The face, however, is rather out of drawing, and the arm and hand immensely too small.

No. 17. *On the Banks of the Thames*. ARTHUR GILBERT. Very brilliant and clever; the sky peculiarly good.

No. 22. *The Opera Box*. W. P. FRITH, A. R. A. A lady witnessing the performance at the Opera, is a very voluptuously and richly-painted sketch, if that name can be given to a work which is quite as highly finished as the generality of this artist's pictures; the expression of pleased attention and sympathy of the blood most excellently rendered.

No. 35. *Anticipation*. A. L. EGG, A. R. A. A brilliant sketch of a lady reading an opera programme. The opera cloak of yellow white and its crimson lining go admirably with a dark green dress, the face of rich warm tint, the black hair, and deep yellow curtain forming the back ground. The expression is capital but the perspective of the face appears incorrect; the eyebrows being too far from the eyes for the bent position of the head. We certainly recollect to have seen the same design by this artist in the "Shakespeare Heroines," published some years since.

No. 40. *The New Novel*. H. O'NEIL. A lady reading. This is capital; more learnedly drawn and better coloured than this painter generally takes the pains to do: it is apparently a portrait: the expression will be admired. The artist exhibits also some sketches from flowers, Nos. 76 (with some fuschias very beautifully painted) and 90.

No. 41. *The Bockenheimer Tower, Frankfurt*. T. B. AYLME. A very interesting and clever sketch, with good effect.

No. 50. *Interior — The Crystal Palace*. E. A. GOODALL, reduces the locality to the size of a Lancashire mill-room: the colour very weak and poor.

Nos. 38, 56, 77. *Killarney Lake, Twilight. The Approach to the Upper Lake, Killarney, Mid-day. Sandbank at Burnham Beeches*. ALFRED W. WILLIAMS. The first has a very skillful foreground, varied in tint; in the second, the time chosen is mid-day, a great belt of cloud obscures the sun, keeping its radiance to one portion of the water, where it falls with intense brightness; towards the foreground of the picture the lake is quiet, shadowed, and but just catches a sparkling light here and there: the banks of the lake are rich in colour, and the painting shows much observation. No. 77, a very capital effect, but somewhat hot and heavy in colour.

Nos. 61, 66. *Near the Idwel Lake, North Wales. View of Glen Lochey*. Two very interesting sketches by F. R. LEE, R. A., the first with a splendid effect and much power; the second what we wish Mr. LEE's pictures always came up to: the sky and the flat ground in the glen very beautifully painted; the varied hillside tints capital.

Nos. 62 and 67. J. TENNIEL. Two absurdities; the latter incomparably ridiculous; a number of men with singularly developed limbs, "lugging" a bit of timber, which, in proportion to their own bulk, is enormous; they appear to be struggling to prevent each other accomplishing the common object of breaking in the door of a castle; it is entitled *The Assault*, but the action badly expresses "battering." No. 167, *Alonso the Brave and the Fair Imogen*, by the same artist, represents a corpulent Alonso with a most tremendous battle-axe over his shoulder, enduring the embrace of a diminutive Imogen who hangs on to him as she might to a suit of armour; in fact, the worthy knight is little else, for all the feeling expressed by his face or action. We would fain praise Mr. TENNIEL's painting of armour which is very clearly and brightly done, but that has a look of transparency and glassiness not found in nature.

Mr. C. LANDSEER's sketches, 72, *Entrance at Knole*, which is very beautiful in a quiet grey tint, the shadows just indicated. 99, *An Upper Apartment at Knole*, is full of a beautiful light and quiet colour, one of the most unassuming, just, and delicate effects we ever saw. No. 157, *Sketch from Nature of a Girl selling Relics at Waterloo*, is evidently from nature; the action, though humble and truthful, seems postured and constrained. No. 259, *A Staircase at Mayfield, Sussex*, has the same admirable qualities as No. 59, and forms an excellent companion to it.

78. *Winter*. W. HUNT. A beautiful sketch in a quaint though natural manner; the effect is sunlight upon a landscape in November; there is a very truthful feeling over all, especially in the distance and some nearly bare trees to the left of the picture. No. 271, *Bird's Nest and Primroses*, by the same, is one of his delightful little thefts from nature; there are all the real faithful qualities we meet with in so many of his works. We regret that Mr. HUNT should confine himself so much to this kind of subject, beautiful as are his renderings of them.

No. 94, entitled *Turkish Figures*, by M. PISANI, represents four of the most ordinary employments carried on in the streets of Constantinople; they are very skillfully sketched with much spirit.

Mr. C. DAVIDSON, of all the landscape painters here, comes nearest to our idea of perfection. His *Red Hill Common* is very beautiful (95); he seems to take especial delight in bright skies, with great masses of white cloud casting flying shadows, and in the representation of such he is most eminently successful. There is a brightness without spottiness (so common a fault), and the true variations of colour without the opacity and hotness of which we have so frequently to object to. No. 123, *The Church Walk*, represents some meadows during haymaking, with great elms surrounding a church, it is one of the most delicious sketches we ever saw. 141, *Red Hill Common*, a stiller day than the former, the clouds settling themselves, the foreground beautiful in tint, the distance admirable. But, of all this artist's contributions, No. 159, *Earlwood Common, Riegate*, is our favourite. We have seen no landscape of the kind we should covet more; it is a scene which every one will have looked upon: a wide common with paths here and there, furze in the hollows and climbing the little knolls, over which go the shadows of the clouds, now out of sight, now obscuring a great tree on the skirt of the waste, then vanishing altogether. The sketch is nature itself.

Mr. J. F. LEWIS sends five sketches, Nos. 134, 137, *A Roman Lady*, a very nationally characteristic portrait; 140, a spirited full-length sketch of *Viscount Castlereagh*; 143 and 146, all remarkable for spirit and rich colour.

No. 200. J. S. TEMPLETON's *Study of a Head*. Mary Galileo reciting the seven penitentiary psalms, which formed part of her father's sentence. This is very sweet in character, nicely and delicately modelled; the hands, however, are badly and affectedly drawn; the colour Romanesque and poor.

Mr. LAKE PRICE's sketches, 219, 226, and 241 have his usual brilliancy, spirit, and accurate observation of nature.

DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., sends some studies, which show the careful manner in which he works; they are 252, 255, *Entrance to the Temple Aboosimbool*, taken from a striking point of view; 258, 263, and 268.

No. 265. *The Garden Wall*. Sketch in a cottage garden, very homely and clean, and full of beautifully natural tints.

No. 269. *A Portrait*, by R. ANSDALL, of a Dog, is very spirited.

Mr. J. D. HARDY's sketches, Nos. 273, 284, quite equal to his usual skill in such cottage interiors; we fear, however, that the artist gives too much black in his representation of shadows.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., sends 193, apparently a sketch made long ago; and 254, *Minehead, Somersetshire*, both possessing the noble qualities which have rendered his name so famous.

No. 230 *Venice*, JAMES HOLLAND, is a wonderful sketch of a sunset.

Mr. CATTERMOLLE sends Nos. 238, *Grace*, a party of monks in the refectory; 244, *The Trial of the Sword*, this is rather theatrical; and No. 260, *Amy Robart*, attended at the toilet by her Puritan maid: both capital renderings of character; although we think the face of AMY rather coarse, the expression is admirable—a perfect revelation.

Among the other exhibitors are Messrs. GEORGE STANFIELD, whose subdued views from nature are always pleasant to look upon; J. CALLOW, who sends several capital sketches; JAMES GODWIN (No. 28, *Music*, full of spirited design, though crude and rank in colour); E. A. WILLIAMS, unrivalled in moonlights; E. A. COOKE, W. WILLIAMS, senior, C. BRANWHITE, GEORGE RICHMOND, L. MARTIN, E. DUNCAN, SAMUEL PROUT, J. GILBERT, F. MADOX BROWN (a varied sketch from the large picture in the Academy), C. LUCY, G. LANCE, W. LINTON, R. HANNAH (a capital sketch in Alnwick Castle), and J. LINNELL, the mention of whose names is alone sufficient to draw attention to their works.

## Talk of the Studios.

At the Glasgow Town Council on Thursday week the sum of 500*l.* was voted for an equestrian statue of the Queen, in commemoration of Her Majesty's visit to the city in August, 1849. The private subscription towards the same object already exceeds 3,000*l.*, and the work will be commenced forthwith.—The Paris papers state that the Minister of the Interior has commissioned M. Duret, the sculptor, to execute a marble statue of the late M. de Chateaubriand.—From Aix-la-Chapelle, it is stated, that the King of Prussia has ordered the restoration of the Grand Hall of the Hôtel de Ville, in which thirty-seven emperors and eleven empresses have been crowned.—The Continental papers announce that the magnificent gallery of pictures belonging to the late Marquis Rinuccini, rich in master-pieces of the great Italian painters, will be sold by auction in the Rinuccini Palace, in Florence, on the 1st of May in next year.—It is worthy of mention that the Council of the Society of Arts have announced their intention to give a great medal to the person who shall produce a box having the greatest number of the best colours for general use and brushes, to be sold retail for 1*s.* They also announce a reward for the best and



cheapest set of drawing instruments, and in both cases they are actuated by the desire to encourage and develop design in our art-manufacture. —The inhabitants of Schaffhausen have been inaugurating a monument to the memory of the historian John von Muller in that, his native, town. The monument—which is the work of the Swiss sculptor Oechslin—is composed of a colossal marble bust of the historian,—on a lofty granite pedestal, ornamented with a bas-relief, in marble, representing the Muse of History engaging Muller to write the great events of his country's story. Below, inscribed in characters of gold, is the following passage from one of Muller's own letters:—"I have never been on the side of party,—but always on that of truth and justice wherever I could recognise them.—A letter from Mayence contains the following.—"It is known that Mozart was painted twice only from the life: once by the German painter Tischbein,—the other time by an Italian painter, Father Martini, of Bologna. Both pictures had disappeared. In recently taking an inventory of the effects of a former violinist of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt's Chapel, the first of these pictures was found, signed with the autograph monogram of Tischbein. The immortal author of *Don Giovanni* appears here in a coat of French fashion, green in colour, large frill, waistcoat of yellow satin, and powdered wig. Two inhabitants of Mayence—M. Arntz, Professor of Natural Philosophy, and M. Schulze, the organist—who knew Mozart personally, affirm that the portrait presents a striking likeness;—and the former adds, that the costume given is precisely that which Mozart was accustomed to wear when he played on the piano at the Court of the Elector. This portrait differs essentially from all the engraved likenesses of Mozart. Most of these were probably taken from a medal struck, in 1784, at Munich, in honour of the great musician."—The following, dated Hague, Sept. 5, appears in the *Journal des Débats*:—"The day before yesterday the small but widely celebrated collection of pictures left by the late Baron A. C. W. de Nagell, was publicly sold. The following is a list of those pieces which were sold for 2,000*fr.* and upwards:—A View in Italy, by J. Both, 4,400*fr.*; Sea-piece, by J. Cuypp, 18,000*fr.*; View of a Marsh, by J. Van der Capelle, 3,100*fr.*; Meadow with Cattle, by A. Cuypp, 5,000*fr.*; a Family picture, by J. Van der Hagen and A. Van der Velde, 3,500*fr.*; Entrance of a Fortress, by J. Van der Heyden and A. Van der Velde, 11,000*fr.*; View of Elben on the Rhine, by the same, 4,300*fr.*; Scene in front of an Inn, by C. Dujardin, 4,000*fr.*; Landscape in the form of a panorama, by P. de Koninck, 4,000*fr.*; Family group of Danish Peasants, by A. Ostade, 7,300*fr.*; the Tippler, by the same, 2,000*fr.*; Landscape, by J. Ostade, 2,640*fr.*; Flock of Sheep in a meadow, by P. Potter, 10,000*fr.*; Portrait of a young Girl, by Rembrandt, 8,040*fr.*; Landscape, by Ruysdael, 3,500*fr.*; another Landscape, by the same, 6,000*fr.*; Landscape, by J. Ruysdael and P. Wouvermanns, 4,020*fr.*; a Flemish Kermesse, by Teniers the younger, 5,500*fr.*; Sea-piece, by Van der Velde, 3,100*fr.*; another Sea-piece, by the same, 2,020*fr.*; Landscape, by J. Wynants and A. Van der Velde, 3,600*fr.*; Haymaking, by P. Wouvermanns, 17,600*fr.*; the Farrier, by the same, 4,400*fr.*; Sea-piece, by J. C. Schotel, 4,820*fr.* The total sum produced by the sale was 180,424*fr.* (about 7,217*l.*)"—A letter from Alexandria says that Cleopatra's needle is hardly worth the trouble and expense of bringing it to England. "It is interesting from the associations attached to it, but it will cause disappointment if it is expected to prove an ornament, as it is in a very mutilated state, the edges being broken off and the hieroglyphics much defaced. The length at present uncovered by the sand is about thirty-five feet from the apex, with from three to four feet down the sides, and the whole of what is visible is in the same dilapidated condition. It must also be said that the longer it is left in its present position the worse it will become, from the anxiety of all travellers to possess pieces of it, which the native boys knock off largely to sell. The base of the obelisk is about twenty feet distant from the sea, and the city-wall will have to be broken through to remove it."

## DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

**SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.**—*Timon of Athens* has just been revived at this theatre with much care, and with as strong a cast as Mr. Phelps' company placed at his disposal. There have also been lately produced at this house *The Winter's Tale*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. HARLEY's benefit took place on Wednesday night, and was made the occasion for reviving Mr. MORTON's *Town and Country*, a play which belongs to the class of "acting dramas," but which is not very familiar to modern playgoers.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MUNICIPAL LIBRARIES BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL: THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I must apologise for feeling myself obliged to confirm what was said by me in answer to your correspondent.

It was stated that I had adopted an amendment to the "Libraries' Bill," suggested by Mr. Bright.

I answered that Sir Benjamin Hall (not Mr. Bright), suggested the adopted amendment.

Sir Benjamin Hall, in fact, produced, in the House of Commons, an act of Parliament (the well-known "Vestries Act"), recited it, and recommended it as the basis of the Libraries' Bill. It was submitted by me to counsel, and its provisions, respecting the previous assent of ratepayers, incorporated in the Libraries' Bill.

This was the amendment really adopted by me; and familiarly known to have been so, by the counsel who framed the bill, the solicitor who sent his instructions, Sir Benjamin Hall, and myself.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

WM. EWART.

6, Cambridge-square, Sept. 20, 1851.

### MESMERISM—SECOND SIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL: THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Has it ever occurred to the believers in *clairvoyance*, that the Second Sight of the Scotch has something of the nature of a natural Mesmerism?

In a letter from Lord Reay to Samuel Pepys, 1699, he mentions that a *seer* offered to make him see as well as himself. The manner of showing them to another is this: "The seer puts both his hands and feet above yours, and mutters some words to himself; which done, you both see them alike."

To me, equally unlearned in Mesmerism and in Second Sight, there appears a similarity in the phenomena. I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

Sept. 18.

A SUSSEX SUBSCRIBER.

### MR. RUSKIN'S THEORY OF LIGHT FOR THE STUDIO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL: THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In your number, dated August 15, appeared a letter from the author of "Modern Painters." I wish to point out what I conceive to be an error into which the author of "Modern Painters" has fallen on this, as on all other like occasions. He wishes us to bring "*sunshine*" into our "painting rooms." This, he maintains, the old masters never did; and, in the sense in which he would have us attempt it, believe me, it is a sheer impossibility. It cannot, therefore, but be expected that, in endeavouring to explain his principles, he should involve himself in a manifest inconsistency. I will proceed to point out this inconsistency, begging those of your readers who take sufficient interest in the subject, to refer to "Modern Painters." The extracts that would otherwise be necessary would occupy too much of your valuable space.

In Lecture I., c. 7, p. 74, he says the old masters "paid deep and serious attention to effects of light and tone, and to the exact degree of relief, which material objects take against light and atmosphere." \* \* "They succeeded in rendering these particular facts with a fidelity and force which, in the features, have come down to us uninjured, as, as yet, unequalled, and never can be surpassed," &c. &c.

Again, in Lecture II., p. 138, he says that, "in effects of tone, the old masters have never yet been equalled." He then explains what he understands by the word "tone." "First, the exact relief and relation of objects against and to each other in substance, and darkness as they are nearer or more distant, and the perfect relation of the shades of all of them to the chief light of the picture, whether that be sky, water, or anything else," &c. &c.

So far, so good. But now, mark what follows. In the same chapter, and in the following page, he says, "The finely-toned pictures of the old masters are some of the notes of nature played two or three octaves below her key," &c. &c. "Now, if this could be done," he adds, "consistently, and all the notes of nature given in this way an octave or two down, it would be right and necessary so to do; but be it observed, not only does nature surpass us in power of obtaining light, as much as the sun surpasses white paper, but she also infinitely surpasses us in her power of shade," &c. &c. \* \* \* "If we, then, against our poor dull obscurity of yellow paint instead of sky, insist on having the same relation of shade in material objects, we go down to the bottom of our scale at once, and what in the world are we to do then? Where are all our intermediate distances to come from? How are we to express the aerial relations?" &c. &c. "It cannot but be evident at a glance," he proceeds, "that if to any one of the steps from one distance to another, we give the same quantity of difference in pitch of shade which nature does, we must pay for this expenditure of our means by totally missing half a dozen distances, and so sacrifice a multitude of truths to obtain one."

Now, is there not manifest inconsistency in all this? Surely if the old masters, as he has already acknowledged, "attained the exact relief and relation of objects against and to each other in substance and darkness as they are nearer or more distant, and the perfect relation of the shades of all of them to the chief light of the picture, whether that be sky, water, or anything else," they, at least, succeeded in giving *all* the octaves of nature, though an octave or two below nature. And, having done this, there could be no necessary impediment to their giving all the interme-

diate notes. Their not having done this proceeded from another cause—a culpable inattention to detail,—for which, in "Modern Painters," they are very fairly blamed.

We are then recommended to take "pure white for our highest light." But, whether we take a "pure" or a yellowish white, it can matter but very little as regards our difficulties in encountering "nature's sunshine;" for those difficulties happen to arise not from the disadvantages complained of, but from this circumstance, and from this alone. Pictures must always be doomed to *hang in dark shadow*, for the interior of room or gallery, or be it what it may, is always in *dark shadow*. Consequently, paint as we will, unless our picture can be rendered SELF-ILLUMINED, they must even be, not only "two or three octaves," but twenty or thirty (any number you choose) below nature. But, mark me, it is only under the single disadvantage I speak of that this is the case. Take one of the darkest even of Gaspar Poussin's pictures out of doors into broad daylight (if we are to have "nature's sunshine;" this, and this only, is the mode), and take my word for it, even it, if placed properly, will be sunshine itself.

My advice, therefore, to all artists is this, that they be of a sober quiet mind, content to see their pictures lying in shadow, and "playing the notes of nature below her key." This, they may assure themselves, is by no means incompatible with the faithful and affectionate rendering of all that detail which many of the ancient masters so much neglected. Let them go to the ancient masters for tone, and to nature for truth and beauty.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

## PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

**ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.**—Dr. Hake has invented a new apparatus for the supply of warm air to the lungs. This apparatus consists of a gum elastic bag, worn under the clothes over the chest. The bag has a communication below with the external atmosphere, and above conveys the air to the patient breathing. By means of a series of valves, the fresh air only is allowed to pass into the lungs, and the expired air is expelled into the atmosphere. The inventor considers this apparatus preferable to the respirator in common use, not only on account of its greater cheapness, but also on account of a fresh supply of pure air being constantly assured, which is really a great recommendation.

**MR. NEWPORT, F.R.S.**, in a communication to the Royal Society, in continuation of a series of investigations on development, has added to our previous knowledge of the impregnation of the ovum in the amphibia. The history of the discovery of what may now be proved to be the direct agent of impregnation, the spermatozoon, is traced out, and it is shown that this process is due to the spermatozoon, and not to the liquor seminis, as formerly supposed. Mr. Newport has traced the changes in the ovum within the body of the amphibia from a short time before the disappearance of the germinal vesicle, to the period when the ovum is expelled before impregnation. He then traces the changes in the impregnated and in the unimpregnated ovum after spawning, from the first minute, to the segmentation of the yolk in the former, and shows that the appearances in the two are almost identical during the first ten or twelve minutes, but that after that time, the changes in the unimpregnated ovum cease, while further changes take place in the impregnated. In his paper he enters at length on an examination of the agency of the spermatozoon, as affected by chemical agents. These experiments, appear to show that impregnation is commenced in a very short space of time, and that the spermatozoon is the agent immediately concerned; and that this agency is material in its operation from the fact that it can be prevented by the application both of chemical and mechanical agents to the ovum.

**PATHOLOGY.—Cretinism.**—Dr. Guggenbühl, the benevolent founder of the Institution on the Abendberg, for the Cretins of Switzerland, has lately visited this country, and the results of his visit are, in a great measure, made known in a letter addressed by him to the Earl of Shaftesbury, "On some points of Public Concern and Christian Legislation." Although the disease exists under different forms in different countries, yet in all its states it must always be considered as one of the greatest calamities which can afflict a family or an individual. Not only as a disease *per se*, but also on account of its acknowledged close connexion with idiocy, every country is deeply interested in ascertaining to what extent it may be relieved or cured, as well as in what way, and by what means, it may be effectually averted or prevented. Dr. Guggenbühl states "that of 500 idiots lately discovered in Lancashire, a considerable number are marked with the characters of cretinism. In the village of Settle, I detected some cases nearly identical with many of the cretins of the Alps. In the village of Chiselborough, in the county of Somerset, most of its 350 inhabitants are afflicted with goitre, are very subject to deafness, imperfect utterance and low degree of intelligence, which in as many as twenty-four individuals, descends to absolute cretinism." Although idiocy is generally considered

to be incurable, yet, in all cases, idiots are capable of some degree of improvement, whereas cretinism has been often cured. Two or three institutions have been opened in this country for the reception and amelioration of idiots, and in these establishments great relief has been effected in their conditions, in regard to their health, behaviour, happiness, comfort, and the cultivation of their intellectual faculties, feeble as they may be.

We happen to know that one of the secretaries of the institution at Highgate has been in the north of Europe, collecting information in divers countries, on the subject of the moral, intellectual and physical training of this unhappy class of individuals; and every friend of humanity must rejoice at the great success which has hitherto resulted in these benevolent efforts. With reference to the subject of infantile idiocy, it is well known that in England, as also in other countries, many children are born with congenital deficiency of understanding, which if not corrected in infancy and childhood, is likely to result in their becoming pitiable and degraded beings on reaching full age. There can now be no doubt that the various forms of infantile idiocy may be greatly alleviated, and very frequently entirely cured; the surprising success of Dr. Guggenbühl very clearly establishes this assertion. Hence, it is desirable to ascertain as accurately as possible, the number of idiots of this class in the United Kingdom, and for this purpose the influence which the Poor Law Commissioners have at their command, presents at once the readiest and the least expensive means. To obtain this information by this method, it would only be necessary to print and forward to the union and other medical officers, certain required schedules, which might be drawn out on a sufficiently comprehensive scale, requesting these gentlemen to fill them up, under their respective headings. On this subject, we are informed, and on the best possible authority, that in the last census taken in the United States of America, the name and place of abode of every idiot in the union has been recorded in their respective places in the government schedules, so that the exact number of these unfortunate beings is accurately known, a great step towards their unhappy condition being ameliorated as much as may be, by the numerous benevolent institutions with which that country abounds.

**ETHNOLOGY.**—The people called Khasiya, comprise the greater part of the inhabitants of Kumáon and Garhwál, extensive provinces in our Indian Empire in the region of the Himaláya. A tribe of the same name is spread over the greater part of the Nepalese territories, and it has been assumed from this circumstance and from other facts observed in the eastern parts of the Himaláya, that the Khasiyas generally are a people of mixed Tibetan and Indian race. Although this may possibly be true of the Khasiyas of Eastern Nepal, it is by no means proved to be the case as to those of Kumáon, and it may be considered as doubtful whether the signs of any non-Indian stock are more definite in the people of Kumáon than in these of the plains of Northern Hindústan. In form and feature, in language, religion, and customs, the Khasiyas of Kumáon appear to be Hindú, and all their sentiments and prejudices are so strongly imbued with the peculiar spirit of that faith, that although their social habits and religion are often repugnant to Hindú orthodoxy, it is difficult for any one who knows them to consider them anything but Hindú. The custom of polyandria, or multiplicity of husbands, does not prevail in Kumáon and Garhwál, a fact which, according to some high authorities, is *primá facie* evidence of Tibetan origin or descent, and when it does not exist in an unmistakable form, it is generally to be found in some modified shape, yet it does not absolutely prove descent from a Tibetan stock. Historical evidence contributes its assistance in confirming the opinion that the Khasiyas of Kumáon are of Hindú origin, although their language is not absolutely Hindú in its character, as may be seen by Mr. Hodgson's vocabulary. It is proved by ancient inscriptions found in Garhwál, that upwards of a thousand years ago, the Hindú religion was in full force in these provinces, and that in the country itself the people were then known by the name Khasa. In Menn, the Mahábháratá, and in several of the Puranas, we read of a race of Kshatriyas called Khasa, dwellers in mountains, who have become degraded by the neglect of religious rites, and it is remarkable that the Khasiyas of Kumáon, at the present day, give a very similar account of themselves. The Bhótiyas constitute the most important of the tribes of Tibetan origin and descent found in Kumáon and Garhwál, and inhabit the country near the frontier of Tibet, among the highest parts of the chain of the Himaláya mountains. Their villages are situated at elevations varying from 7,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea. But the Bhótiyas derive their chief means of subsistence, not from agriculture, but from the trade of conveyance between Tibet and the Cis-Himaláyan States, of which they possess a monopoly. Of the Tibetan origin of the Bhótiyas, there can be no doubt. The adjoining province of Tibet is named Húndes, the land of Huns, and from ancient inscriptions found in Garhwál, it is proved that this country was called Huna, probably more than 1,000 years ago, and there can be little or no doubt that the race of Hunas often mentioned in the *Puranas*, must be referred to the same country. This fact appears to corroborate the views of the Chevalier Bunsen, and of other Ethnologists, regarding the origin of the Huns, to be in the countries on the northern borders of the Himaláyan mountains. For the above valuable contri-

bution to Ethnological science, we are almost entirely indebted to Mr. J. Strachey, who, we presume, is a relative of Captain Strachey, to whom we referred when calling the attention of our readers to the Geography and Geology of these regions of Central Asia.

**BOTANY.**—The character of the Flora of this region is decidedly tropical, up to elevations reaching to about 4,000 feet, though even from 3,000 feet some of the forms of temperate regions make their appearance. Above 4,000 feet, caks, rhododendrons, and andromeda, constitute a very great proportion of the forest up to 7,000 feet. On continuing the ascent, species of the deciduous trees of colder climates appear, and they, with the pines longifolia, and other pines, prevail in the upper parts of the forest from 8,000 to 11,500 feet, where arborescent vegetation is usually found to terminate rather suddenly. Above this, a more open tract succeeds, in which the vegetation is, for the most part, herbaceous, few shrubs ascending so high as 14,000 feet. As we recede in our progress to the north, behind the higher summits of the range, the country rapidly becomes more arid; and on reaching the plain of Thibet, we find it to be almost a desert, on which few plants rise even to the height of a single foot. The vegetation, though scanty, is still highly interesting from its resemblance to that of the Arctic Regions, may be considered finally to cease at about 17,000 or 18,000 feet. The profitable cultivation of the cerealia is carried on to an elevation amounting to about 14,000 feet.

**METEOROLOGY.**—*Storms.*—In a paper recently communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, Mons. Arago remarked that he had collected the following statistics in reference to the annual average number of storms occurring at the undermentioned places:—Cairo, three; Pekin, five; London, eight; St. Petersburg, nine; Athens, eleven; Paris, thirteen; Utrecht, fifteen; Toulouse, fifteen; Strasburg, seventeen; Berlin, eighteen; Smyrna, nineteen; Buenos Ayres, twenty; Pithiviers, twenty; Guadalupe, thirty-seven; Rio Janeiro, fifty; Calcutta, sixty. In connection with this subject, we observe that the attention of Lord Palmerston has been directed to Colonel Reid's Theory of Storms, and in consequence of its importance to us as a commercial and navigating nation, his Lordship has addressed a letter to most of the British consuls in foreign parts, soliciting their aid in procuring information in relation to the ordinary phenomena connected with storms and hurricanes. The letter has appeared in many of the daily papers, and therefore it is the less necessary that we give it *in extenso* in our columns. Its main objects may be stated in brief to be, to direct observation to the facts connected with the atmospheric phenomena attendant upon storms and hurricanes, to collect and record these facts and phenomena over as large a portion as possible of the surface of the globe, so as to deduce the laws by which storms and winds are governed. It is suggested that captains of ports, masters of lighthouses, harbour masters, and others of this description of persons, are the most likely to be able to collect and record these facts. Information is given by means of tables and questions as to the best mode in which this may be done; half-yearly abstracts with remarks on these subjects are requested, and the wide circulation of such information is enjoined by publication in newspapers and periodical works.

**AGRICULTURE.**—In connexion with an interesting and important subject contained in the last number of THE CRITIC, relating to an extended cultivation of flax, we now mention that the flax crops in Ireland are said to be larger in the produce, and very superior in the quality, holding out a reasonable prospect of large and handsome profit to the growers. In Waterford alone, the quantity this year extends to 800 acres. In England too, His Grace the Duke of Marlborough has begun the cultivation of flax, thereby affording employment to a considerable number of persons.

**GEOGRAPHY.**—In a late number of THE CRITIC (*vide* page 394) we took occasion under the head of Geology, to mention an interesting discovery of Dr. Overweg in Central Africa. Since then, we are informed from various sources, that intelligence has been received, dated so late as the last day of February, 1851, from the expedition of Mr. Richardson, in Africa, in which Dr. Overweg is travelling accompanied by his friend and fellow-traveller, Dr. Barth. The information is to the effect, that the party has at length broken up from Abir, where Dr. Barth had made an excursion to Aghades, and had entered Nigritia, the country or different States that lie around Lake Tschad, the borders of which are so very little explored, that it is likely that the travellers will be kept in that neighbourhood a long while. At the close of the last, or the beginning of the present year, they arrived at a place called Damerou, and proceeded to Zaidar, where the three travellers parted, each of them taking another route with his followers. Mr. Richardson is gone in the direct way to Kanka, not far from the shores of the Lake Tschad, the capital of the empire of Bornou. Dr. Overweg has taken a turn to the west, into the country of Adar, with the view of making further geological discoveries, while Dr. Barth went by Tessana and Katschua to Kaku, the place whence his letters are dated. At Kanka all these hoped to meet again very soon afterwards. The travellers were still in high spirits, and do not complain the least about the hardships of the journey and ill health. Their means, however, are almost at an end, as a new supply, which was forwarded last summer, has not reached them yet. The goods with which they travel and support themselves, are,

unfortunately very unprofitably selected, so that they fetch only half the price they paid for them at Tripoli and Murzuk. Besides, passing from the country and protection of one chief to that of another, has cost them a great deal, as they are obliged to pay very dearly for every person and camel. They hope, however, to find at Kanka, the long-promised supply and letters from Europe, for which they have been waiting since last June. Their courage was not broken in the least degree, and they still keep up the plan to approach the Upper Nile as soon as they had explored the vicinity of the Lake Tschad, provided that the British and Prussian Governments will help them on. The interest of the scientific public will be principally excited by a very extensive report which has been received from Dr. Barth, about his excursion from Teentellust to Aghades, where he witnessed the investiture of the new Sultan, Abd-el-Keder, and collected a quantity of materials about the history, topography, and ethnography of a hitherto almost unknown spot south of the Sahara. The report to which a complete glossary of the Hausa and Enghedesi languages, some itineraries and maps are annexed, is now in the hands of Lord Palmerston, and there is every reason to hope that it will soon be published, and will occasion a general interest for an expedition, the object of which was to examine the very centre of this unknown continent, and to solve also, if possible, the interesting problem about the source of the origin of the Nile.

Since writing the notice above, under the head of Geography, which relates to the routes taken by the African travellers, Messrs. Richardson, Barth, and Overweg, we regret to have received accounts of the death of our enterprising countryman, Mr. James Richardson. *The Times*, a few days ago, gave the following particulars of his death from *The Malta Times* of the 9th ult. "It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. James Richardson, the enterprising African traveller. This melancholy event took place on the 4th of March last, at a small village called Ungurutua, six days distant from Kouka, the capital of Bornou. Early in January he and the companions of his mission, Drs. Barth and Overweg, arrived at the immense plain of Damerou, when, after remaining a few days, they separated; Dr. Barth proceeding to Kaku, Dr. Overweg to Guber, and Mr. Richardson taking the direct route to Kouka by Zindar. There, it would seem, his strength began to give way, and before he had arrived twelve days' distance from Kouka, he became seriously ill, suffering much from the oppressive heat of the sun. Having reached a large town called Kangarua, he halted for three days, and feeling himself rather refreshed, he renewed his journey. After two days' more travelling, during which his weakness greatly increased, they arrived at the Waddy Mellaha. Leaving this place on the 3rd of March, they reached in two hours the village of Ungurutua, when Mr. Richardson became so weak that he was unable to proceed. In the evening he took a little food and tried to sleep, but became very restless, and left his tent supported by his servant. He then took some tea and threw himself again on his bed, but did not sleep. His attendants having made some coffee, he asked for a cup, but had not strength to hold it. He repeated several times, 'I have no strength,' and after having pronounced the name of his wife, sighed deeply, and expired without a struggle about two hours after midnight. Early in the morning, the body, wrapped in linen and covered with a carpet, was borne to a grave which was dug four feet deep under the shade of a large tree close to the village, followed by all the principal sheiks and people of the district. The Sultan of Bornou has given orders that all respect and honour shall be paid to the grave of the ill-fated British traveller."

**INVENTION OF A CONICAL FLOUR MILL.**—This invention, the result of the ingenuity of Mr. Westrupp, of Wapping, is a great improvement on the old system of grinding corn, an improvement of such magnitude, that if the engineer's report may be depended on, and the testimonials of the bakers who have used the flour, it may be considered one of really national importance. From a pamphlet published on this subject, it appears that if the conical flour mill were generally employed, it would prevent so much waste on the old mode of grinding corn, as to save the enormous sum of upwards of two millions sterling per annum, and thus afford more than eighty-one millions additional four-pound loaves out of the same quantity of wheat. We need not say that if these statements are to be relied upon, and prove to be facts, which the pamphlet itself, and the testimonials quite lead us to believe to be so, the success of the Conical Flour Mill Company is beyond all reasonable doubt, and the invention of it may be regarded as a great national good.

**PALMER'S PATENT ARTIFICIAL LEG.**—On this subject, the following has appeared in the columns of *The Times*, from which we extract, almost *verbatim*, and this we do without hesitation, having had the good fortune to see and converse with the ingenious Mr. Palmer, the inventor and patentee, and can bear willing testimony to the statements made by our contemporary Journal. The artificial leg patented by Mr. Palmer, is, in its way, a most admirable, ingenious, and philanthropic contrivance, and its invention is so remarkably characteristic of the country from whence it comes, that we cannot resist the temptation of inviting attention to it. The patentee in some way or other lost his leg, and, having tried the best substitutes hitherto devised for such a case, like true American, he set



himself to think whether he could not improve upon them. His study of the subject was crowned with the most signal, the most striking success, and he exemplifies that success in his own person, by walking about almost without any perceptible lameness, and with an apparent ease and comfort which are truly surprising. He publishes annually, at Philadelphia, a journal which he entitles *Palmer's Patent Artificial Leg Reporter and Surgical Adjutant*. This curiously entitled periodical accompanied a specimen of the leg to the Exhibition. From a chapter, headed "Synopsis of the Invention," we learn that it is distinguished by its perfect combination of lightness with strength, and by the extraordinary fidelity with which it imitates nature. Having closely examined it, we can testify to its merits on all the leading points specified, nor have we any reason to doubt that the enamelled surface of this leg, as stated in the journal, "is rivalled only by the mechanism of nature, and that a lady may wear silk hose and slippers without betraying the loss she has sustained." Mr. Palmer has received extensive orders for his patent in this country, and the public may soon expect to see timber-toed veterans no more stumping about Greenwich or Chelsea. The dentist who fills the beauty's mouth with a set of pearly teeth, and the artist who dyes the grey or red head, and covers baldness with an artificial profusion of locks, have now added to their amiable deceptions, those of the American artificial leg, which may occasionally lead to awkward mistakes, but cannot fail to be regarded as a great boon to suffering humanity.

**ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.**—A steam-engine of six or eight horse power is erected at Abington, Massachusetts, for grinding up the chips and shavings of leather which are cut off by the boot and shoemakers, and which have heretofore been burnt or thrown away. These are ground to a powder resembling coarse snuff, and this powder is then mixed with certain gums and other substances so thoroughly that the whole mass becomes a kind of melted leather. In a short time this dries a little and is rolled out to the desired thickness, perhaps one-twenty-fourth of an inch. It is now quite solid, and is said to be entirely waterproof.

M. Arago, in the course of an interesting lecture given at the Academy of Sciences, upon the use of the electric telegraph, mentioned that as soon as the submarine telegraph across the channel was completed, it was in contemplation to place the observatories of Paris and Greenwich in electric communication, which would furnish, besides numberless other valuable results, a much easier and more accurate means than by geodesic measurement of ascertaining the difference of longitude of the two stations, from the simultaneous observation of chronometers on either side.

**GALVANIC PRINTING PRESS.**—A patent is being taken by a Mr. Foreman for a printing press, moved and regulated by galvanic magnets. His paper works upon a reel, and is continuous, like a telegraphic coil. The paper passes over the type on a cylinder, and when one side is worked the paper is reversed, and the other side printed with a perfect register, and the sheets are clipped apart as they come from the press by ingenious contrivance. According to American authorities, "there is no limit hardly to the speed at which the press will work; its exactness is beyond anything known in this line of machinery, and, what is better than all, Mr. Foreman says he can put up the largest sized press at a cost of not more than 500 dollars." Mr. Foreman is a practical printer, and at present a citizen of New Boston Illinois.

An Astro-meteorological Society is being formed in Berlin, for the purpose of investigating the influence which the planets exert over the state of the weather.

**THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.**—Authentic intelligence has been received by the Admiralty of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, which confirms the safety of the ships *Erebus* and *Terror* during the winter of 1845-6. The traces of that Expedition already discovered on Cape Riley, were of a nature to lead to this conclusion:—and it now appears beyond doubt that Sir John Franklin passed his first winter near that Cape.

The last accounts of the searching Expeditions stated that they were engaged in following up the traces then believed to have been found: and it is to the exertions of Capt. Ommanney, Capt. Penny, and Capt. De Haven of the United States Expedition, that we are now indebted for the cheering information contained in the following communications, made by Capt. Parker, of the *True-love whaler*, to the Admiralty,—and which have been brought home by Capt. Ord, of the *Tyne*, of Berwick-upon-Tweed. It was received by Capt. Parker, on the 12th of July, from the American vessels.

Memorandum from Capt. Parker, of the *Truelove*.

(1.)

"On the 26th of August, 1850, traces were found to northward of Port Inna, Wellington Channel, confirming those previously found at Cape Riley by Capt. Ommanney. These consisted of fragments of clothing, preserved meat tins, and scraps of papers, one of these bearing the name of M'Donald, medical officer in the Expedition."

(2.)

"On the 27th, Capt. Penny's parties reported graves. These were at once visited by Capt. De Haven, Mr. Penny, and Dr. Kane. They bore respectively the names of W. Braine, R.M., and John Hartnell, of the *Erebus*, and John Torrington, of the *Terror*,—the date of the latest death being the 3rd of April, 1846.

Added to these sad but unmistakable evidences were the remains of the observatory, carpenters' shop, and armourers' forge. Upon the hill side and beach were fragments of wood, metal, and clothing, with stacks of empty meat tins. Everything indicated permanency and organization. There can be no doubt that the cove between Cape Riley and Beechy Island, facing Lancaster Sound, was the first winter station of the missing vessels. On the 31st of September the impervious ice of the Wellington Channel underwent a complete disruption, and by the 6th several vessels penetrated to the Cornwallis side. Such, however, was the impenetrable character of the pack in Lancaster Sound, that by the 10th of September the entire searching squadron were again concentrated about eight miles south of Griffith's Island.

This was the furthest westing attained by the American Expedition. The latest dates from Commodore Austin are of the 13th of September. They were then in momentary expectation of making winter quarters; and it is probable that a small harbour discovered by Capt. Ommanney about three miles east of Cape Martyrs will be the haven selected.

Thence the American vessels, while proceeding homeward, were frozen in opposite Wellington Channel, drifting during the ensuing winter from a latitude of 75° 25' throughout the Channel and Sound into Baffin's Bay. Their liberation, after much exposure and trial, took place on the 10th of June, 1851, at a point south of Cape Walsingham, 65° 30'—a linear drift exceeding 1,050 miles.

The commotion of the ice with its attendant uncertainty was their chief source of trial. Every officer and man had marked scorbutic disease, but no deaths have occurred. The crews are now refreshed, and the Expedition is endeavouring to regain the seat of search.—I have, &c.

E. K. KANE, Surgeon to the Expedition."

The cove here mentioned as the first winter quarters of the missing ships is in close proximity to Cape Riley, —and it is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was selected by Sir John Franklin.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The result of the meeting of the Arctic officers, Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Ross, and Captain Beechy, at the Admiralty, last week, has been the expression of their unanimous conviction that Sir John Franklin has taken the passage to the north-west out of Wellington Channel, and that he must be sought by taking the same route. But it is the opinion of these authorities—while fully recognising, and even insisting upon, the advantages of immediately despatching a steamer to carry on the abandoned search in that direction—that no vessel can be started with any hope of reaching an advanced position in Davis Straits, and getting into a safe harbour, before the winter.

## GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

### 1. OF BOOKS, &c.

We learn from Berlin that the third volume of Humboldt's *Cosmos* is in the press, and will be published in a few weeks.—Mazzini's little work, *The Pope in the Nineteenth Century*, has been translated into English, and is now published as a pamphlet.—Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling* will be published this month; and an abridged translation of Auguste Comte's six volumes of *Positive Philosophy* will appear soon.

In a recent number of the *Literary Gazette*, it was stated that M. Simonides, a Greek savant, had discovered in the old papers of a Greek convent an indication that the original MS. of the Acts of the Apostles was buried in an island in the Sea of Marmora. We now learn that a search has been made in the spot pointed out, and that it has led to the discovery, not of the Acts, but of a copy of one of Aristotle's treatises, and a map of the islands. The things appeared to have been interred by a monk, about the year 1204.—The Great Northern Railway Company, instead of incurring an outlay in the shape of postages, has registered a newspaper in the Stamp-office, called *The Great Northern Railway Company's Reporter*; and under this title, given in the smallest type, it issues all its documents, which pass through the post, whatever be their bulk, as a newspaper privileged by the penny stamp.

The first of the gay tribe of American Annuals have made their appearance in the *Iris* and *The Dew-drop*, from the Philadelphia press of Lippincott, Grambo & Co. The last is but a compilation from former engravings, and previously-printed literary matter; the former has the interest of an original publication, with the permanent value of a contribution to the stock of American-Indian Antiquities, in a series of drawings of Lieut. Eastman, of striking scenes of aboriginal life and western landscape, illustrated by letter-press, both poetry and prose, by the artist's accomplished lady.

### 2. OF LITERARY MEN.

Father Gavazzi has created a fervour in Scotland quite as great as that in London.—The London correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer* in a late letter says, that "Miss Strickland's new arrangement with her publisher is one of prudence—3000*l.* only was the amount of her remuneration for her arduous labors in compiling the *History of the Queens of England*—80,000*l.* being realised. So she now stipulates for 400*l.* for each issue of 10,000 volumes of the *Queens*

of Scotland,—and at the expiration of the third or fourth ten thousand the copyright (which she does not virtually part with) returns to her."—M. von Rochow, a well-known writer, who a short time ago was appointed editor of the *Constitutionnel*, has been ordered to quit Berlin. He is a native of Brunswick.—Saphir, the well-known Viennese humorist, was arrested some days ago for writing a funny article on the recent ordinances abolishing the constitution. He has already been tried and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and three months' suspension of his journal the *Humorist*.

### 3. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

The treaty between France and Portugal for the mutual protection of literary and artistic property, which some time ago was concluded, has been formally promulgated in the *Moniteur* by the President of the Republic, and has accordingly the force of law.—On Wednesday a further portion of the sculptural remains recovered from the ruins of Nineveh, by the exertions of Mr. Layard, were received at the Museum. The whole of the collection will be arranged in the new gallery of sculptural antiquities during the recess. The Syrian gallery, the Elgin room, and Egyptian gallery are now arranged.—A decree of the President of the Republic authorities the Academy of Sciences to accept a legacy of 200,000*fr.*, bequeathed to it by Dr. Jecker, for the purpose of founding an annual prize to be awarded to the author of the best work on organic chemistry.—Mr. Newman, editor of *The Zoologist*, proposes to convert the site of expiring Smithfield into a winter garden, and to cover the whole with glass, so that the citizens may enjoy the pleasures of a tropical atmosphere within their own immediate locality.—The Welsh people are reviving with spirit the practice of holding Eisteddfods or Congresses of Bards. The one got up a few days ago at Liverpool by the natives of the principality resident there is to be followed by one at Port Madoc in Carnarvonshire, which will take place at the commencement of the present month. The Marquis of Anglesea has accepted the Presidency, and Lieutenant-General Sir Love Parry will be the president of the meeting.—A parliamentary paper, obtained by Mr. Hume, has just been printed, containing a copy of the letters patent under which the Queen's printers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, exercise their privilege of printing Bibles and Prayer-books, &c., as also an extract from a charter of the 11th Charles I., by which the University of Oxford claims the right of printing Bibles and Prayer-books. No return had been received from the University of Cambridge. It appears that George IV. granted letters patent to Andrew Strahan, George Eyre, and Andrew Spottiswoode, and their executors, &c., as Royal printers, from the 21st of January, 1830, for and during the term of 30 years. The University of Oxford claims the right of printing Bibles and Prayer-books under several charters, and more especially under the one mentioned. The right is stated not to be barred or limited, or affected by any letters patent since granted according to several decisions in Chancery and in the House of Lords, in all of which the right was distinctly recognised.

### PRINTERS' ATHENÆUM.

A PUBLIC MEETING was held at Anderton's Hotel, on Monday, Sept. 22, for promoting the formation of this Institution, Charles Knight, Esq., in the chair. The room was crowded to excess, and adorned by the presence of several ladies.

Among the letters received was one from Dr. Halliwell, who, expressing his approval of the object of the meeting, enclosed copies of his own works as a donation towards the proposed library. Letters of apology, and commending the object of the meeting, were also read by the chairman from Mr. Angus Reach, Douglas Jerrold, Gilbert A'Beckett, Charles Dickens, John Forster, William Howitt, Mark Lemon, Dr. Cumming, Dr. Camps, &c.

The CHAIRMAN, in opening the business, said, there was a feeling among many that those persons who were engaged in the business of printing required no such institution as this; and this opinion might be true to a certain extent, but he must say only to a limited extent. He had known cases of men who were compositors who had distinguished themselves by reaching an amount of knowledge which would have placed them at a comparatively early age in a high position at any of our universities. Such men he was proud to call his friends and fellow-labourers. But it was a lamentable fact that there were a great many men in the trade who were not intelligent men—who did not possess that amount of acquirements which the public were accustomed to expect from all departments of the trade. For these chiefly the institution was intended, and it was termed in the prospectus "a literary and social institution for printers, bookbinders, typesetters, and the trades connected therewith, as also for the working classes generally;" and it was proposed to combine the social advantages of a club with the mental improvement of a literary and scientific institution, and to adapt them to the position and circumstances of the working classes. It was proposed in the room to be set apart for the purpose, to provide refreshments from eight A.M. to eleven P.M., at cost prices; to provide members with tea and coffee at all times, and, at a stated hour, dinner, or with the requisites for dining. Now this latter point he would not press on the attention of the meeting, because it must depend on the proper

organization of the committee. He hoped that, in forming this institution, the committee would take care to surround their large room with cheap casts from the antique, good prints, and all those things which had a distinct and decided influence on the taste, and which elevated the mind of man. He hoped that the printers' readers would come forward to raise the standard of this institution, and concluded by recommending the undertaking to the cordial support of the trade generally.

Several propositions were adopted, and a great number of members were enrolled during the evening.

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

### THE GRENADIERS.

(From the German of Heinrich Heine.)

Franceward there journeyed two Grenadiers,  
Taken captive in Russia's snow;  
And when they had crossed the German frontiers,  
They hung down their heads full low.

For the first passers by the sad tidings gave,  
That France to her centre was shaken;  
Vanquished and routed her army so brave,  
And the Emperor—Emperor—taken.

Then burst into tears the grenadiers twain,  
Who to France had been bent on returning;  
And one of them said—"How sharp is the pain,  
How fiercely my old wound is burning."

And his comrade replied—"The song is sung out;  
I would cheerfully die with thee, brother;  
But I may not so leave the home yonder without  
One to care for my babe and its mother."

"What care I for babe?—What care I for wife?  
In me other longings awaken.  
If they starve, let them forth and beg for their life;  
My Emperor—Emperor—taken!"

"Comrade! vouchsafe me this one boon, I pray.  
If I die now, as surely I must;  
Take with thee my comrade to France far away,  
And shroud it in France's dust.

"Lay on my breast, with its riband so red,  
The Cross of the Legion—my pride;  
Place my musket then on my fingers outspread;  
And gird on my sword to my side.

"So shall I hearken hushed in the tomb,  
Like a warder to watchfulness bidden;  
Till once more I hear the cannon's loud boom,  
And the gallop of steeds that are ridden.

"Till my Emperor's tramp overhead hath revealed him;  
While round him swords glitter and quiver,  
Then forth from my grave I rise armed to shield him,  
The Emperor—Emperor—ever!"

F. E.

## SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

THE WENDS OF GERMANY.—Just beyond Löbau we came into the country of the Wends (or Serben, as they call themselves), the remnant of an old Slavonic tribe, part of whom, up to the year 1623, were subject to Bohemia, though originally quite a distinct branch of the great Sarmatian family. What remains of them now belongs partly to the kingdom of Saxony and partly to Prussia, and constitutes a great part of the population of Upper and Lower Lausatia (Die Lausitz.) They entered Germany about the middle of the sixth century, settling in great force on the right bank of the Elbe, and more especially in the Mark of Brandenburg; but traces of them are still, it is said, to be met with in the costume of the peasantry much further north—as in Mecklenburg, for example. They extended themselves gradually westward also, towards the Saale, and built towns and villages, the names of which still betray their Slavish origin. The Russian-like termination in "itz" and "witz" is met with incessantly in the hamlets around Dresden; the national dress of Altenburg—the short, kilt-like petticoat, tall pointed cap, and peculiarly constructed bodice—has survived the original language of its inhabitants, and still indicates their descent unmistakably. These Wends had obviously already made some progress in civilization when they first arrived and were very warlike in their character, and gave Charlemagne much trouble. They seem eventually to have become tributary to the Franks after much fighting. They often entered into alliance with the Bohemians and Hungarians against the Germans, till they were eventually entirely subdued at Merseburg by the Emperor Henry I., generally called "the Lion," in the year 934, and compelled to resign their towns to the victors, and confine themselves to the villages and to an agricultural existence. The prisoners of war became, in many instances, serfs of the nobility and of the monasteries, and every effort was made to Christianise them, but the undertaking proved one of great difficulty, as they adhered obstinately, though in secret, to many of their Pagan ceremonies and beliefs for long generations afterwards. They still retain somewhat of their original costume and manners, and their peculiar dialect is unaltered. They are considered an honest, true, and laborious set of people, but from long oppression in past ages are somewhat reserved and mistrustful in their manners with strangers. They are an intelligent, active, strongbuilt race, and, as I have heard on all sides, furnish some of the best soldiers in the Saxon army. Their women make excellent and affectionate nurses,

and are often selected for these qualities by the rich citizens of Dresden and the neighbouring towns. Bautzen, the capital of Upper Lausatia, is their chief town. Muskau, which gives his title to the prince who visited and wrote about England some years ago, and attained to an ephemeral celebrity there—half literary, half fashionable—also belongs to them, as does likewise Kottbus, the capital of Lower Lausatia, which has appertained to the Mark for upwards of five hundred years. The number of Wends still extant in the two Lausattias amounts nearly to a quarter of a million, one-fifth of whom are subjects of Saxony. It is singular how their language has been able to maintain itself so long against the German, wedged in as they are amidst the Teutonic race, and inhabiting a country of so easy accessibility; to say nothing of the fact, that all schools for the people enforce the use of the German tongue, and much of the preaching is in it likewise.—*Dublin University Magazine* for September.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### DEATHS.

FRAEHN.—Recently, at St. Petersburg, aged 69, Dr. Fraehn, a distinguished oriental and numismatic scholar, and the oldest member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in that capital. Dr. Fraehn was a native of Rostock, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; and at twenty-five years of age already filled the chair of Arabian Language and Literature in the University of Kasan. Eight years later, he became Keeper-in-chief of the Imperial Asiatic Society of St. Petersburg. He has left behind him many learned works.

KIDD.—Recently, at his residence, St. Giles's-street, Oxford, after a few hours' illness, John Kidd, M.D., of Christchurch, Regius Professor of Medicine, Tomline's Praelector of Anatomy, Aldrichian Professor of Anatomy, and Radcliffe's Librarian. Dr. Kidd was highly esteemed and respected both in the University and the city of Oxford. In 1800, being then a student of Christchurch, Mr. Kidd took the degree of M.A. In 1801 that of Bachelor of Medicine, and in 1804 he proceeded to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. In 1822 Dr. Kidd succeeded Sir Christopher Pege, Bart., in the office of Regius Professor of Medicine, to which is annexed Tomline's Praelectorship of Anatomy, and the Aldrichian Professorship of Anatomy, and in 1834 he succeeded Dr. Williams as Radcliffe's Librarian. The election of a successor to the latter office rests with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the University, the Bishops of London and Winchester, the two Principal Secretaries of State, the two Chief Justices, and the Master of the Rolls.

NICOL.—Recently, at Edinburgh, Mr. William Nicol, well-known in that city as a lecturer on Natural Philosophy, and for many contributions to *The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*. "His most valuable contribution to physical science," says *The Scotsman*, "and with which his name will ever be associated, was his invention of the single image prism of calcareous spar, known to the scientific world as Nicol's Prism."

RICHARDSON.—On the 4th of March last, at a small village called Ungurutua, six days distant from Kouka, the capital of Bornou, Mr. James Richardson, the enterprising African traveller. Early in January, he and the companions of his mission, Drs. Barth and Overweg, arrived at the immense plain of Dameroun, when, after remaining a few days, they separated, Dr. Barth proceeding to Kanu, Dr. Overweg to Guber, and Mr. Richardson taking the direct route to Kouka, by Zinder. There, it would seem, his strength began to give way, and before he had arrived twelve days distant from Kouka he became seriously ill, suffering much from the oppressive heat of the sun. Having reached a large town called Kangarrua, he halted for three days, and feeling himself rather refreshed, he renewed his journey. After two days' more travelling, during which his weakness greatly increased, they arrived at the Waddy Mellaha. Leaving this place on the 3rd of March, they reached in two hours the village of Ungurutua, when Mr. Richardson became so weak that he was unable to proceed. In the evening he took a little food and tried to sleep, but became very restless, and left his tent supported by his servant. He then took some tea, and threw himself again on his bed, but did not sleep. His attendants having made some coffee, he asked for a cup, but had no strength to hold it. He repeated several times, "I have no strength," and after having pronounced the name of his wife, sighed deeply, and expired without a struggle about two hours after midnight.

## List of New Books.

Albites' (A.) How to Speak French, 3rd edit. fcp. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Barker's (J. T.) Beauty of Flowers in Field and Wood, 10s. 6d. cl.  
Bonycastle's Arithmetic, 18th edit. by S. Maynard, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Bottarelli's Exercises in Italian Language, 12th edition, revised, 3s. 6d.  
Brook's (Rev. M.) Doctrines of the Church, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cloth swd.  
Bruce's (Rev. J. C.) Handbook of English History, new edit. 2s. 6d.  
Cobbin's Child's Commentator on the Scriptures, new edit. 10s. 6d.  
Colton's (Rev. W.) Deck and Port, cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Cruden's Concordance, ed. by Drs. Eadie and King, new edit. 5s.  
Cumming's (Rev. J.) Christ Receiving Sinners, new edit. fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Cumming's Forebodings, or Lectures on the Miracles, fcp. 8vo. 9s.  
Dallas's (Rev. A.) Revelation Readings, Vol. II. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Devout Musings on the Book of Psalms, by Dr. Hook, 2 vols. 5s. cl.  
De Porquet's Italian Grammar, 2nd edit. 12mo 3s. 6d. cl.  
De Porquet's Key to French Trésor, 12mo 3s. 6d. cl.  
De Porquet's Le Traducteur Parisien, 11th edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
De Porquet's Modern Parisian Phraseology, 23rd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

De Porquet's New Parisian Grammar, 20th edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Dix's (J. A.) Winter in Madeira, 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Douglas's (Sir H.) Treatise on Naval Gunnery, 3rd edit. 8vo. 21s. cl.  
Economic Library, Vol. I., 'Rural Economy for Cottage Farmers,' 2s.  
Edwards's (J.) Essay on the Divine Power, cr. 8vo. 2s. cl.  
Elizabeth's (C.) Derry, a Tale of the Revolution, 11th edit. 5s. cl.  
Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Vol. XVII., 'Spoon on the Diseases of the Horse,' post. 8vo. 3s. cl.  
Evans's (Rev. W. E.) Songs of the Birds, 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.  
Ewart's (J.) Treatise on Agricultural Buildings, folio cloth, 31s. 6d. cl.  
Ferrers' and Jackson's Solutions of the Cambridge Problems, 1848-51, 8vo. 15s. 6d. cl.  
Fraser's Sketches of the Sacred Rites of Ancient Israel, cl. 3s. 6d.  
Gavazzi, Life of, in Italian and English, 2s. 6d.; separate, 1s. 6d. each.  
Geldart's (Mrs. T.) Truth is Everything, 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Gorton's General Biographical Dictionary, new edit. 4 vols. 31s. 6d.  
Greaves's (C. S.) Lord Campbell's Acts on Criminal Justice, 7s. bds.  
Hall's (Mrs.) Stories, &c., from History of England, new edit. 7s. 6d.  
Halley's (R.) Lectures on the Sacraments, Part II., 8vo. cl. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Howard's (R.) Salt the Forbidden Fruit, 4th edit. 8vo 2s. 6d.  
Irish Quarterly Review, No. 3, 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.  
Journal of Design and Manufactures, Vol. V., 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Kebble's Ready Reckoner, or Commercial Handbook, 18mo. 1s. 6d.  
Lea's (J.) Homœopathic Domestic Medicine, 6th edit. 8vo. 16s.  
Laurie's (J.) Epitome of Homœopathic Domestic Medicine, 4th edit. 5s.  
Letters on Church Matters, by Dr. C. L. Vol. II. 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Library of Illustrated Standard Scientific Works, Vol. X., "Knapp's (Dr. F.) Chemical Technology," Vol. III., 8vo. 22s. cl.  
McCheyne's (R. M.) Familiar Letters, post 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Mackenzie's (W.) Young Man's Counsellor, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
MacLagan's (A.) Sketches from Nature, and other Poems, 12mo. 5s.  
Marryatt's (Capt.) Masterman Bready, new edit. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 12s.  
Miller's (Hugh) Foot-prints of the Creator, 4th edit. cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
Monk's (Maria) Awful Disclosures, new edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Morris's History of British Birds, Vol. I. with coloured engravings, 12s.  
My Flowers, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Parry's (Mrs.) Young Christian's Sunday Evening, Vol. II. 3rd edit. fcp. 8vo. 7s. cl.; Vol. III., 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Popular Library, Vol. XLVII., "Shakespeare's Works, edited by Hazlitt," Vol. 4, Part I. fcp. 1s. bds.  
Popular Library, double vol. "Goldsmith's Life, Vicar of Wakefield, &c.," fcp. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Popular Library, Vol. XLII., "Hawthorne's Mosses from an Old Manse," fcp. 1s. bds.  
Rooks's (C. O.) Profit and Discount Tables, oblong, 3s. 6d.  
Ruskin's (J.) Modern Painters, Vol. I., 5th edit. imp. 8vo. 18s. cl.  
Scripture Examples, compiled from Scripture Text-Book, 1s.  
Secret (The) Discovered, or Unhappiness a Proof of Unholiness, 1s.  
Selecta, & Præscriptis, with Key and Literal Translation, 11th edit. 5s.  
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